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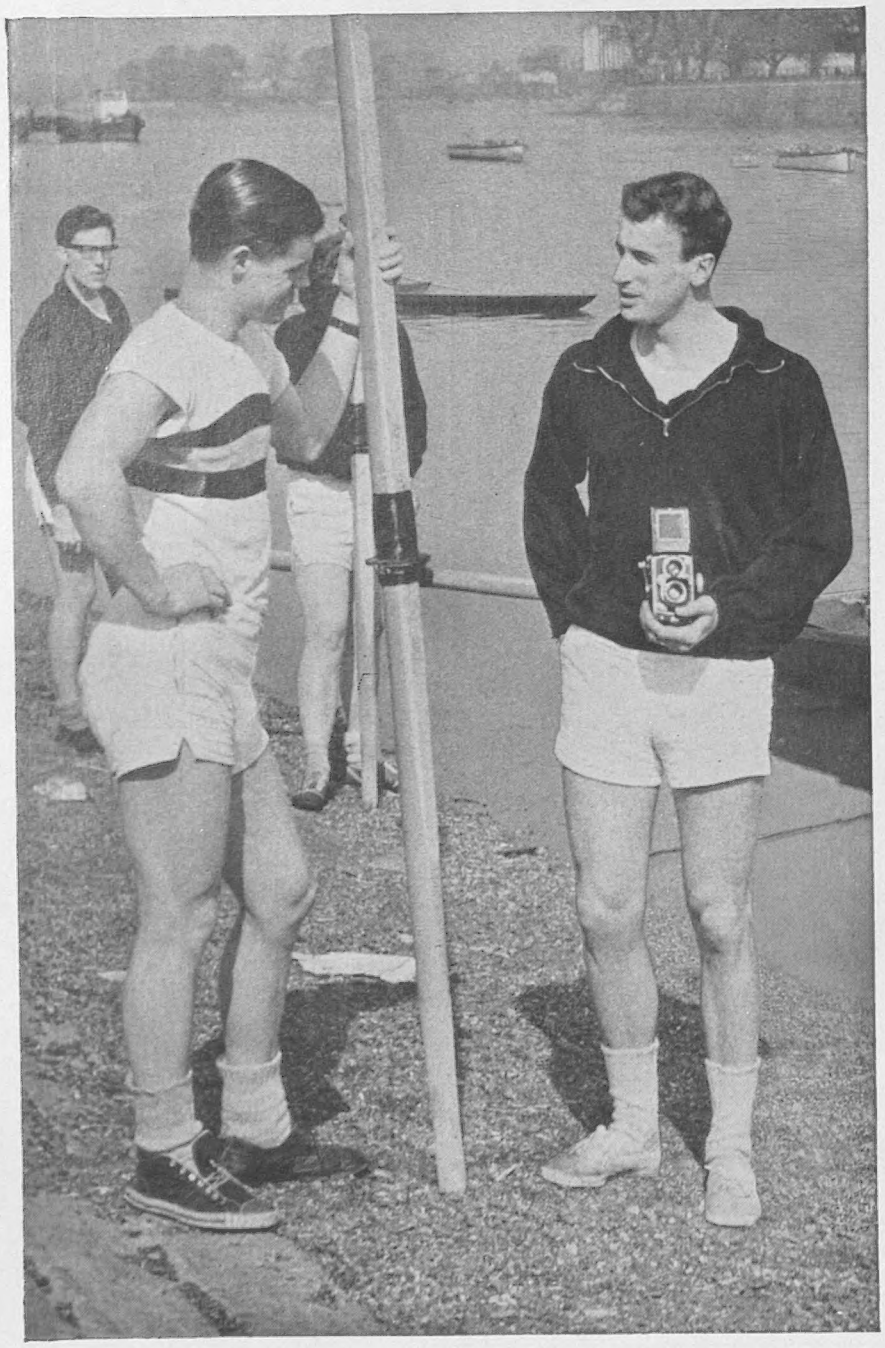

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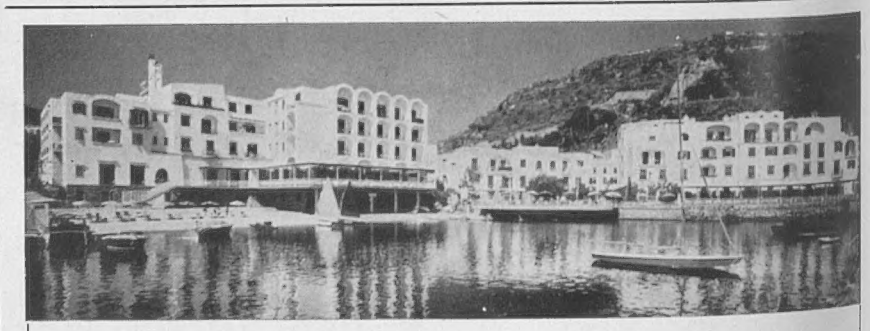

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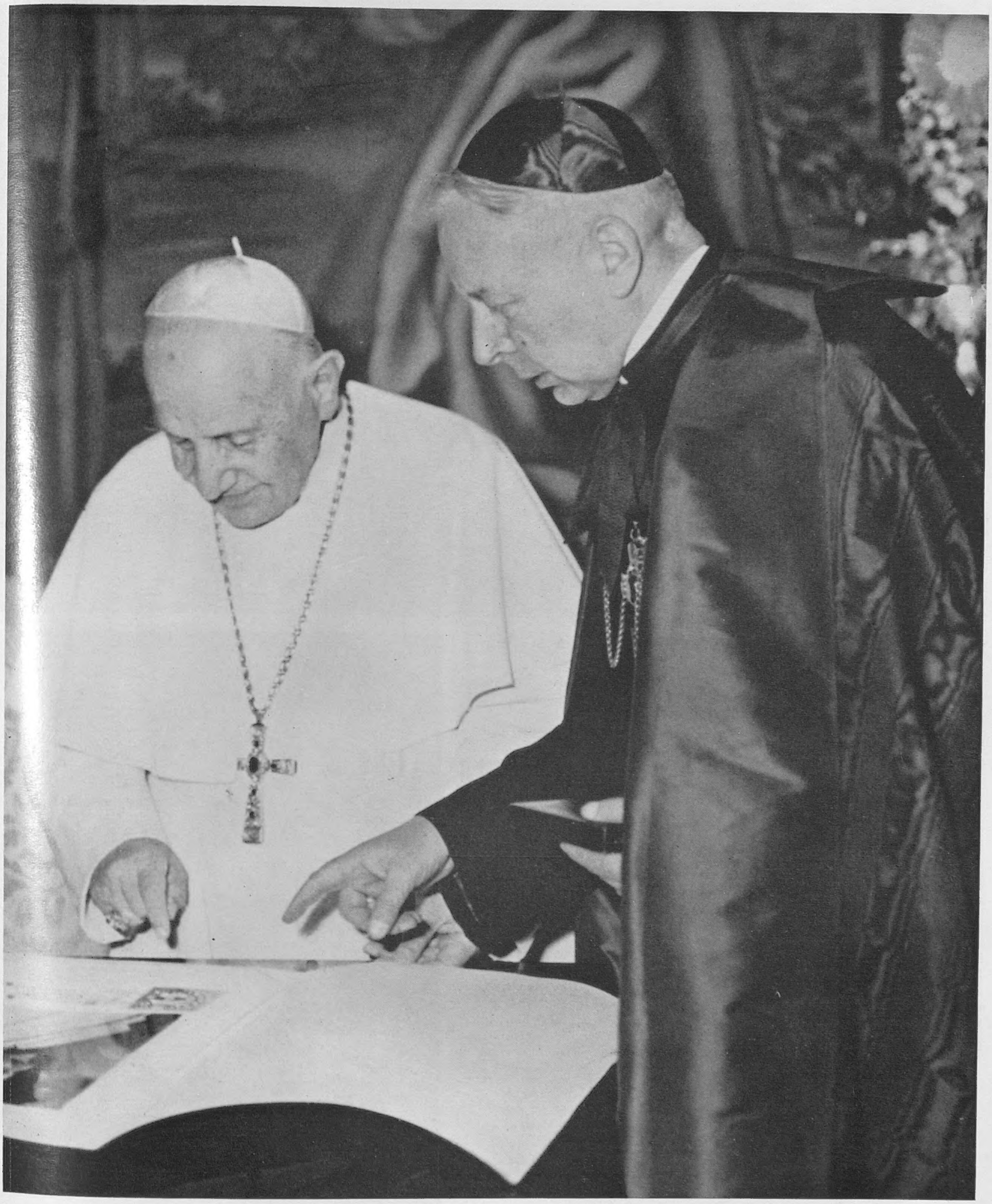


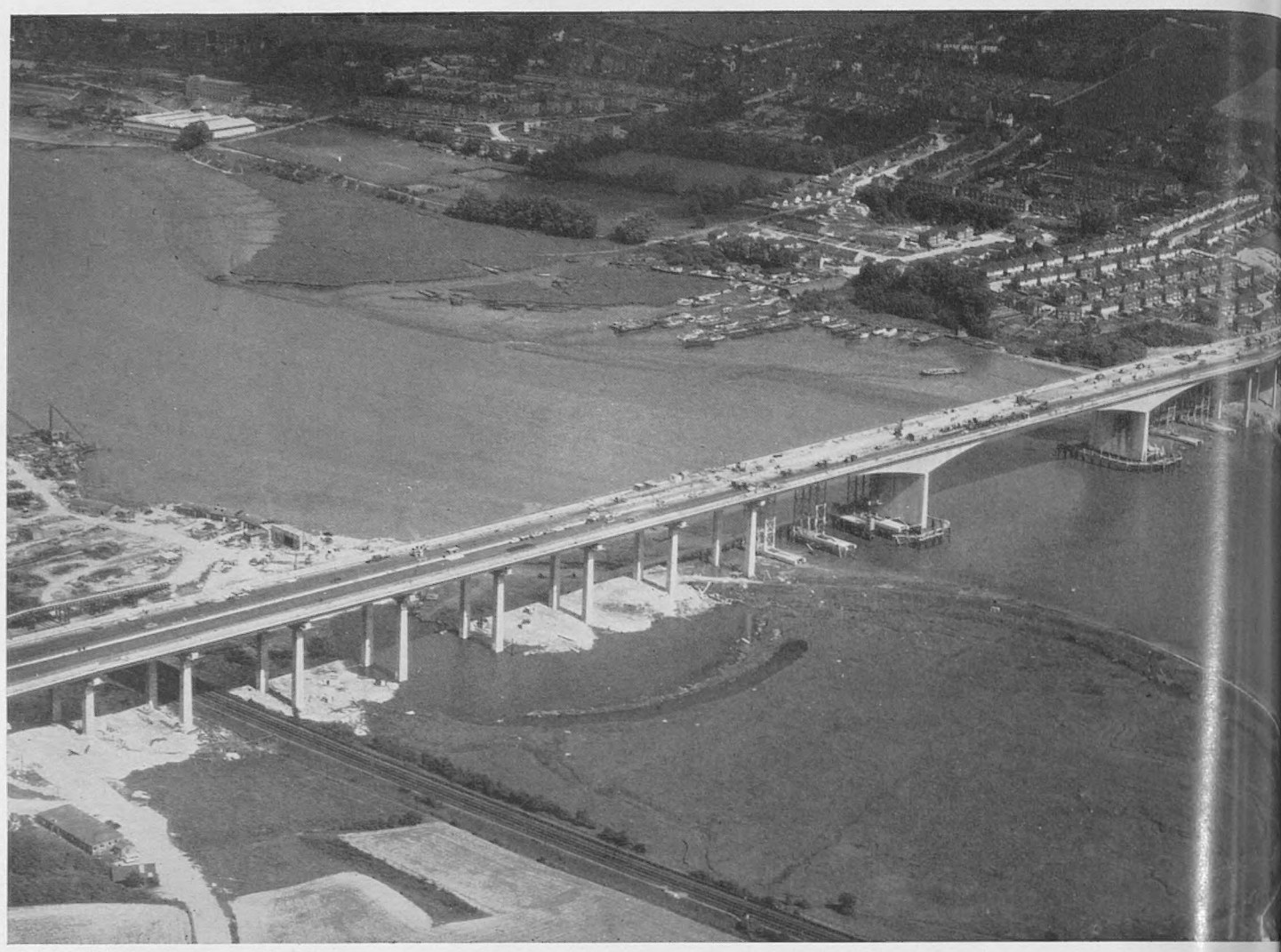
Pope John XXIII with Cardinal Wyszynski in the Vatican. The photograph was taken a few days before the announcement of the serious illness of His Holiness. He was said to have been suffering from a stomach tumour for a year

THE COURAGE OF FAITH

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

360 **By-passing the Medway towns** ⟿

An aerial view of the new Medway Bridge carrying the Medway Towns Motorway (M2) over the River Medway, near Rochester. It is part of the first section, 13 miles in length, of the M2, which was opened by Mr Marples, the Minister of Transport, last week. The opened section enables motorists to by-pass Rochester, Strood, Chatham and Gillingham. The other section, by-passing Sittingbourne and Faversham, is to be opened later. When finished, at a cost of £16 million, the M2 will leave the A2 a mile outside Strood and rejoin it 1½ miles beyond Faversham. A feature of the route is the elegant, pre-stressed concrete Medway Bridge, which is nearly two-thirds of a mile long. Mr. Marples said that 1,700 miles of trunk roads were being built or modernised in England and Wales and that £590 million would be spent on roads in the next five years (see also pages 388-389)

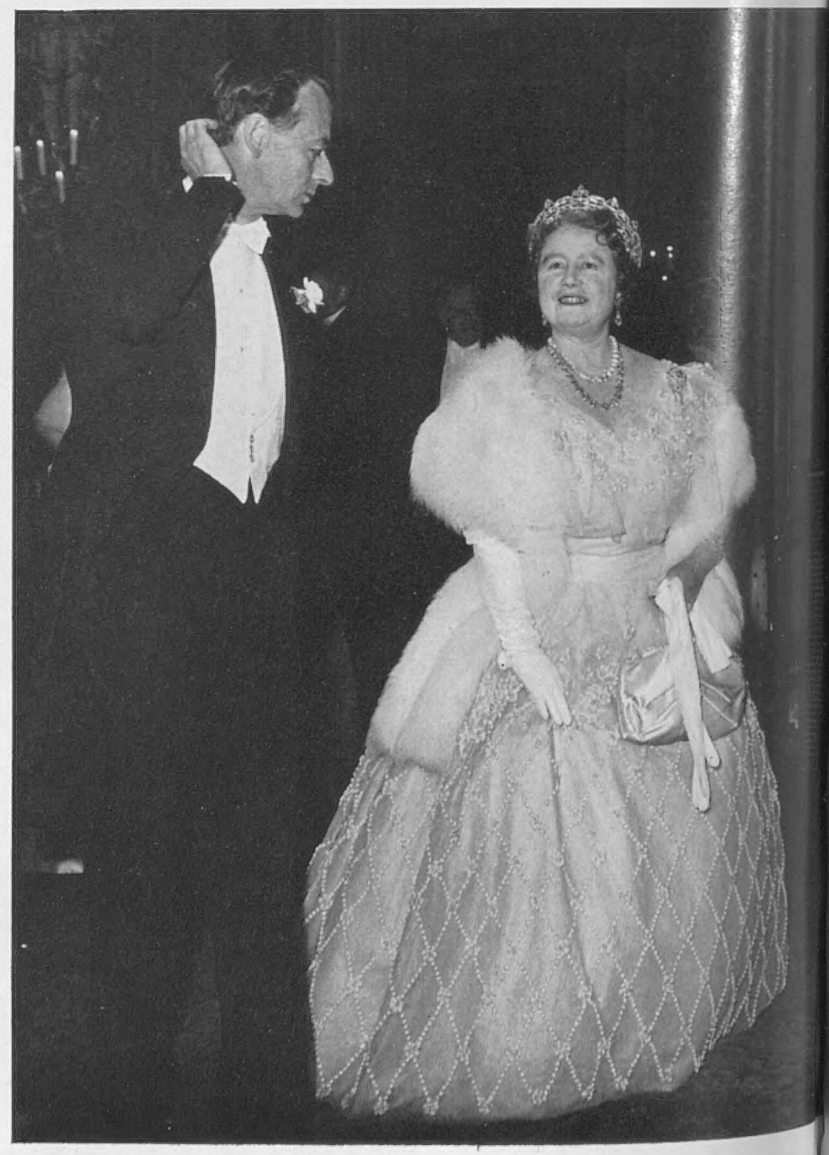


A 75th Birthday for the Foreign Press

Lord Home, Foreign Secretary, and Mr George Brown, Deputy Leader of the Opposition, meet in London at the 75th anniversary dinner and ball of the Foreign Press Association. The guest of honour was the Prime Minister. The Association is the oldest and largest organisation of its kind in the world. On the day after the dinner Mr Brown set off on a visit to America to attend an international conference on strategy at Harvard

Queen Mother at the Opera ⟿

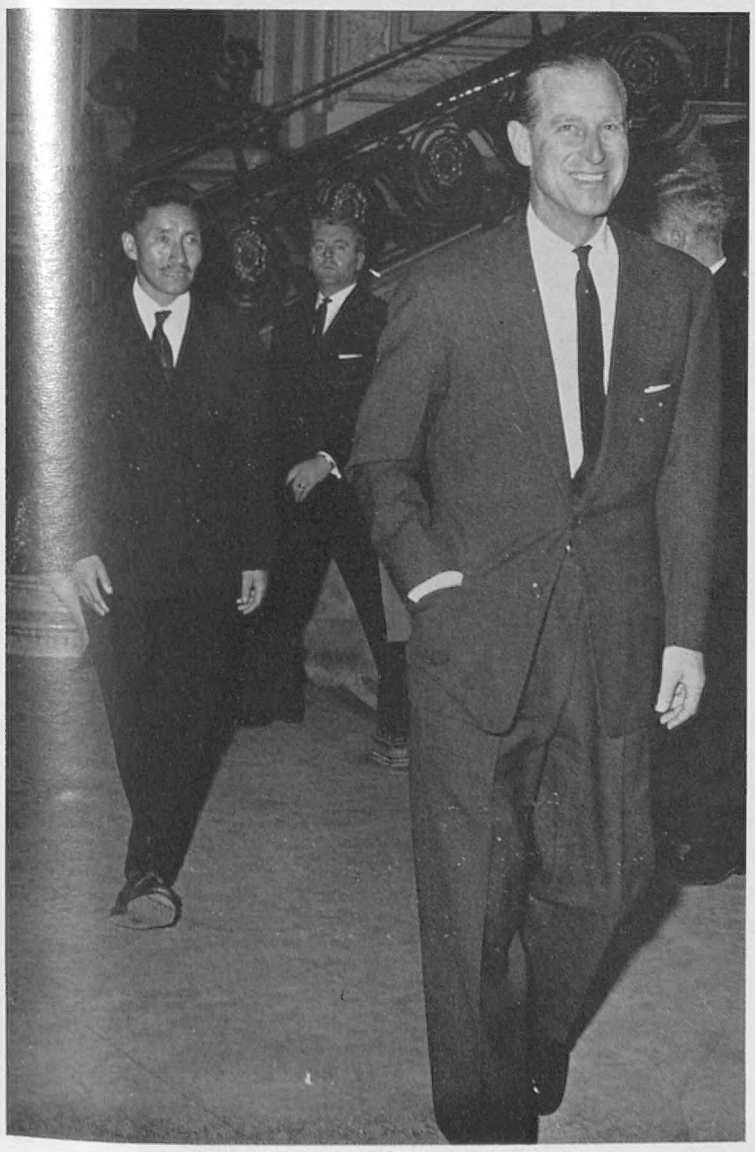
Arriving at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the Queen Mother is with the Earl of Drogheda, Chairman of the Royal Opera House. Her Majesty attended last week a Gala Performance in aid of the Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund. The occasion saw the première of a new production, by Oscar Fritz Schuh, of Mozart's opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The performance was conducted by Georg Solti. Heading a scintillating cast were Ilva Ligabue, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Tito Gobbi and Geraint Evans. *Figaro* had been missing from the repertoire of Covent Garden since 1958



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Aid for India talks in London

Mr Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary, meets Mr T. T. Krishnamachari, Indian Minister for Economic and Defence Co-ordination. Before coming to London the latter had been in Washington. In both capitals his purpose was to discuss India's arms and aid requirements in the light of the dispute with China. Mr Krishnamachari had talks with several ministers at Westminster regarding India's request for military aid from Britain, which may total some £120 million during the next three years. It was not known last week how much aid had been promised by the Americans to Mr Krishnamachari in Washington, but on estimates made earlier this year India should have asked for over £300 million of assistance. Another £60 million is expected to come from the rest of the Commonwealth — mainly from Canada and Australia



Tenth Everest Anniversary

The Duke of Edinburgh followed by Sherpa Tensing Norgay arrives at the Central Hall, Westminster, London, for a meeting to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the first ascent of Mount Everest. Sherpa Tensing achieved the historic feat with Sir Edmund Hillary at the end of May 1953

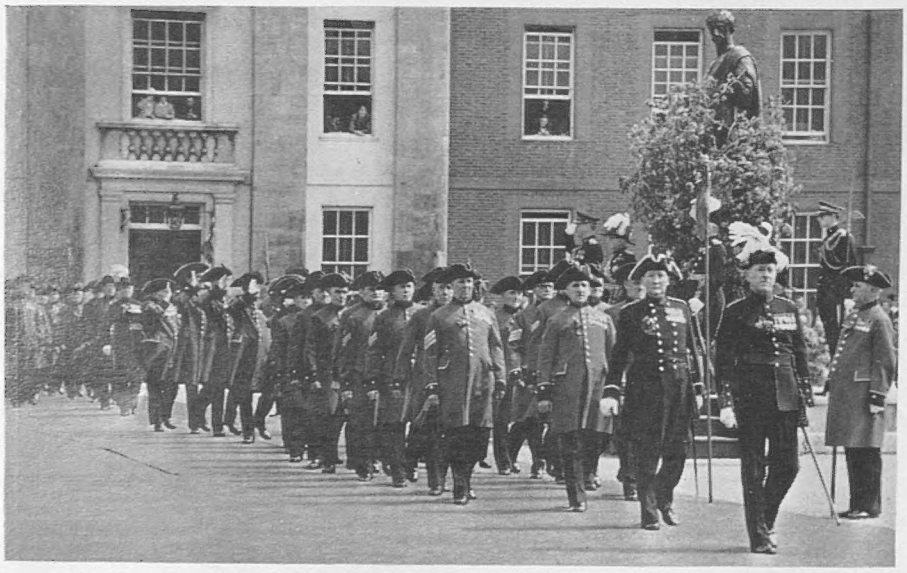
Himalayan heroes welcomed back

At Katmandu Mrs Lila Bishop (extreme right foreground) runs to greet her husband, Barry Bishop, one of the four Americans who recently conquered Everest. On left, another of the climbers, William Unsoeld, is being helped by doctors. Both men were badly frostbitten on the climb

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Domestic Crisis in the United States

A parade of 12,000 marches up Market Street, San Francisco, to protest against racial discrimination in the South. It was only one of widespread demonstrations in the United States last week over this issue. Many leading newspapers described the U.S. domestic crisis as the most serious since the Depression. Both President Kennedy and his brother, Mr Robert Kennedy, the Attorney-General, have been holding informal discussions with leading citizens, in order to make it clear that the Administration is gravely concerned over racial segregation and that steps must be taken to end it. It seemed clear that the Negro leaders were determined to continue demonstrations during this summer



Pensioners parade on Oak Apple Day

Chelsea Pensioners in their scarlet uniforms march past the saluting base to the tune of "The Boys of the Old Brigade" during the annual parade on Founder's Day at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The salute was taken by General Sir Richard Hull, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The Chelsea Royal Hospital was founded for old and disabled soldiers in 1682 by King Charles II, whose statue is garlanded with oak-leaves

Back from their Spanish honeymoon

Princess Alexandra, the Hon. Mrs Angus Ogilvy, and her husband leave their aircraft at Gatwick Airport. They returned last week in a chartered Dart Herald from Malaga at the end of their honeymoon and then drove to Kensington Palace. Soon after they returned to their home in Mayfair that evening, it was discovered that smoke was pouring from the kitchen. Firemen and police officers found that a refrigerator had overheated

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The victors of the elections in Kenya
Mr Jomo Kenyatta and Mr Tom Mboya (next to him), the Kenya African National Union leaders, acknowledge the cheers of the crowd in Nairobi. It had just been announced that Mr Mboya had won the Nairobi Central seat in the polls for the House of Representatives. In the voting Kanu and its supporters gained a comfortable majority in the House over the combined votes of its rivals, the Kenya African Democratic Union and the African People's Party. Mr Kenyatta was therefore invited by the Governor, Mr Malcolm MacDonald, to form a government. As a gesture of his confidence, Mr MacDonald assigned responsibility for defence, foreign affairs and internal security to Mr Kenyatta

Visit to Russia
Mr Amery, the Minister of Aviation, checks his watch at London Airport before leaving for Moscow. He began a two-week visit to Russia, at the head of a mission representing the Government, the Services, and the aircraft industry, last week. It was expected that the mission would do extensive amounts of flying in Russia, in a Boac Comet 4, that the discussions would cover a wide range of advanced technical matters, and that Mr. Amery would meet Mr Khrushchev

Disaster strikes at a Lisbon station
Rescue workers search rubble and debris after the concrete roof of the Cais do Sodre station in Lisbon collapsed on a crowd in the hall leading to the departure platform. It was feared that about 50 people were killed and a number injured in the tragedy last week. Many of them were holiday makers. Two of the injured were British tourists. Later, an official enquiry was set up to discover the cause of the roof's collapse

Sir Ralph Perring at a Welsh steel works
The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Ralph Perring, shakes hands with a member of the crowd lining the route of his visit to the Abbey Works of The Steel Company of Wales at Port Talbot in South Wales. Sir Ralph was on an official visit to South Wales last week. He flew from London by helicopter, and landed at Aberavon. He paid two visits to the works at Port Talbot before going on to Cardiff by train

FAVOURITE'S DERBY

364 The French-trained favourite, Relko, owned and bred by M. Dupre, a Paris hotelier, gained one of the easiest victories in the Derby since the war. Ridden by the young French jockey, Yves Saint-Martin, he beat the English-trained Merchant Venturer by six lengths, with two Irish colts, Ragusa and Tarqogan, in third and fourth places. Since 1946, when the Derby returned to Epsom, 10 English-trained colts have won, two Irish and six French. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family were among those who watched the race, worth this year more than £35,000 to the winner, in weather more suitable to the Grand National. The start was delayed a long time for Hulla-baloo, who nevertheless was left at the start. In the early stages Hyacinthe led. Coming to Tattenham Corner, it was Iron Peg in the lead, followed by Tarqogan, with Relko well placed. The favourite came to the front two and a half furlongs from home. Merchant Venturer was never able to get on terms and Relko came home easily. His jockey, Yves Saint-Martin, who is aged 22, was the youngest in the race.

On a cold grey afternoon at Epsom, the field soon after the start. The winner, Relko, is among the horses centre

Relko is led in by Madame F. Dupre

A section of the field rounds Tattenham Corner—from right are Corpora, Happy Omen and Relko

At the Mile Post—in the lead is Hyacinthe (spotted shirt), with Iron Peg (right) second. Relko is well placed in the centre

JOHN CONNELL

NATO—A PLEA FOR LIGHT

366 In that strange, cloudy and elevated region in which defence and diplomacy meet, a major and—I think—growing difficulty for almost every observer and commentator is the unintelligibility of the jargon that is employed. I defy anybody except, perhaps, a senior staff officer who has read and understood all the relevant documents, to reduce to a short, comprehensible précis the quite extraordinary welter of information and misinformation, deduction, "constructive analysis," slanted statement, on and off the record, and sheer exasperated invention, which composes the story of the negotiations over a multinational Nato nuclear force during the fortnight before Whitsun.

The theme of it all has been the attempt to unify the defence system or systems of the nations of the Atlantic Alliance, and this directly and inevitably affects the hopes and the chances of continued existence on this planet of millions of human beings. On no other subject in international affairs is lucidity of communication more necessary; and on no other is there so vast and so lamentable a lack of this meritorious quality.

Nevertheless, politicians and commentators would be singularly silly if they were to underestimate the depth and strength of the desire to be informed on and to understand these issues. Just before this complex round of conversations began, the Foreign Secretary addressed an area Conservative rally in the grounds of Nostell Priory, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. On an afternoon of drizzling rain, which steadily increased in intensity while he was talking, he held with ease and assurance an audience of some 7,000 (not one of whom flinched under the soaking), simply by telling them the truth *in terms they could understand*.

The capacity to do this (as I know I have remarked before) is probably the greatest of Lord Home's gifts. I don't think I know a better definition of Britain's role in the field of national security and international peace-keeping than that contained in these sentences:

"Until there is agreed disarmament we must maintain our nuclear arm and the ultimate control over it. That is designed to prevent war starting and so far it has succeeded. Secondly, we must equip and train sufficient conventional forces to isolate and contain local breaches of the peace which can so easily spread into world war. In these endeavours we are not alone. We have beside us powerful allies, but we must not allow their strength to provide ourselves with an alibi. A nation worth its salt must be prepared to defend itself. If our people are not willing to pay a fair proportion of our gross national product for national security in a nuclear age—seven per cent. at present—to enable Britain to throw her weight on the side of peace whenever it is threatened, then we have lost our national fibre. I refuse to believe it."

Mr Lester Pearson, Canada's Prime Minister, greets Mr Luns, Dutch Foreign Minister, at Ottawa

Muddle and confusion

Through all of the muddle and confusion, I know that, in the final analysis, I share Lord Home's faith. That faith is reinforced—in parenthesis but not, I think, irrelevantly—by knowledge of what happened while the rally to be addressed by the Foreign Secretary was being arranged. Nostell Priory is in the heart of a solidly Socialist constituency; its owner, Lord St. Oswald, is a Conservative Minister.

The Nostell Colliery Band is a great local institution and, as long as anyone can remember, whenever there has been a big do up at the Priory the Colliery Band has played at it. The present leader of the band, as it happens, is also the Socialist chairman of the local council. He was visited by Lord St. Oswald some weeks before the rally.

"I thought ye'd be coming," was his opening and encouraging observation.

Lord St. Oswald explained that, while he himself felt that no great event at the Priory would be complete without the band, this was to be a Conservative rally to hear the Conservative Foreign Secretary, and he would quite understand it if the band decided that they would not like to take part.

"I think we'll be musicians, that day, not politicians, shall we?"

The band turned out in full strength, and played Lord Home the length of the drive, a full mile, from the gate to the platform. I, for one, cannot but wish that that amount of tolerance, good temper and good sense could be habitual on the national and international planes of contemporary politics.

By the middle of last week I was lost in a dense fog of perplexity. Was there to be established, or was there not, a multinational Nato nuclear force? What nations had agreed and what nations had refused to contribute to such a force, if and when it were set up? Under whose ultimate operational control would it work? Who would give effective orders to whom?

Division or Solidarity?

The Guardian, in a boldly spread front page story, asserted that the United States' nuclear policy objectives were in even greater disarray after the Ottawa ministerial Nato meeting, and the visit to Washington by the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, which had followed the meeting. *The Times* said that American pressure had weakened British resistance to the idea of a mixed-manned, multilateral Nato force.

In *The New York Times*, I read: "The Atlantic Community has successfully passed through two crucial meetings that would have deepened the rift within it, but instead confirmed its basic solidarity and laid the first foundations for a stronger military and economic partnership with political overtones of world-wide import."

The thought of overtones having an import, even if world wide, knocked me all of a heap once more; and I came back to consciousness on the following day to *The Daily Telegraph*, whose diplomatic correspondent found it surprising that very little detailed planning had so far been done on the proposal for a Nato mixed-manned fleet.

It all depends, I suppose, on what you call planning. In the same column on the same day *The Daily Telegraph's* military correspondent said that a British officer was to be appointed Nato Nuclear Force Deputy to General Lemnitzer, the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and that to assist him in his task he would have three Chiefs of Staff, one British, one American, and the third either Canadian or West German.

I think I now realise that what is called the "command structure" of the Nato Nuclear Force is getting along like a house on fire—and with due diffidence I pass on this knowledge, for what it is worth. But, again for what it is worth, can anyone enlighten me about the horrible infrastructure: the ships, the weapons, the warheads, the men, and—forgive me for harping on it—the clash of command? About all these, it seems to me, the mist thickens and the perplexity increases.

Carving a slice of roast beef at London (Heathrow) Airport is Lord Shawcross, President of the British Hotels and Restaurants Association. The former Attorney-General was unveiling a plaque to open the BEA Flight Catering Centre. Next to Lord Shawcross at the carving table is Mr Anthony Milward, BEA Chief Executive, and on the left, Mr Leslie Stinton, BEA Chef de Cuisine, who presented Lord Shawcross with a carving set and chef's hat. The Centre first came into operation last November to embrace all the activities that ensure personal catering for BEA passengers

A CUT OFF THE BEEF FOR THE BARON

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

368 **Nature—and you**

If Nature Week and its pretty stamps and lectures were designed and struck and delivered to supply our nation with a clear, impartial and realistic idea of what Nature means to us, they deserved to succeed. For hitherto the preservation of wild life and love of natural beauty have been rather hazy ideals. The sentimentalist dreams of a return to a garden of Eden, where the lion lies down with the lamb, forgetting that even in the first Eden there lurked a destructive and insidious killer. He rejects the ample evidence that Nature is red in tooth and claw, is deaf to the cry of the rabbit at bay, blind to the ways of a cat with a mouse, and he turns his guns on human fiends who use guns to destroy. Prince Philip is trounced for double-thinking in both encouraging the preservation and pursuing the destruction of "wild life," and sportsmen of all kinds come to his defence by emphasising the tragic consequences to wild life of the gentler sort. if Nature's cruellest killers were all to be spared, the keepers axed and "sportsmen" driven from the fields. The truth, of course, is that Nature won't play. The rare bird invariably outsmarts in patience the amateur bird-watcher. The lion refuses to lie down with the lamb and the stoat will have its sport while it lives. To bring the nation to a realistic definition of natural beauty is a task no less hard and long. There are so many of us in our little island, each with a mind of his own. One may look on mountain solitudes with a shudder, another may feel claustrophobic in an umbrageous valley. Some see in Auburn, loveliest (surviving) village of the Plain, an ideal site, "ripe for building development" or for a litter dump, and the coppice where nightingales sing, as a cosy place to switch on the transistor's hot jazz. Few of us really accept the saw: "All tastes are good." We shall need Nature Weeks for years ahead to disperse our fog and inconsistencies and lack of logic about wild life and natural beauty before the millennium is attained, when human beings treat "the things they love" and those who differ from their opinions with a little less brutality than Nature tolerates in the animal kingdom. Meanwhile, the field of battle grows ever smaller and "beautifully(?) less."

The two voices

But a beginning must be made and has been made, and nothing more persuasive has been accomplished than by that very accomplished team—the versatile, never-resting Prince Philip, Peter Scott and a number of nature photographers on TV. If any propagandists can persuade us, it is they: persuade us to care for what remains of those blessings and beauties which Nature abundantly supplied; to give up potting, with any weapon available, at any living creature we see, at any range; to resist fouling with litter or desecrating for commercial ends our last reserves of natural beauty. I sometimes think it may be harder to persuade the Ministers set in authority over us. The blueprints of life in Britain in 1970-80 presented by the Premier and Minister of Housing offer rather cold comfort to me. The former held out the golden promise of an all-electric, push-button age with all the gadgets it implies, and the latter a Britain of vast housing estates and massive geometrically planned factory blocks, slashed with straight speedways and beautified for our comfort and recreation with football grounds and Butlin camps. It would have been better to release those blueprints after and not during Nature Week. The voices cancel each other out. Our new love for natural beauty is to be no more than a flirtation; a mere liaison, not a life-partnership. Ten years hence there will be nothing to love but gadgets, speed, football and productivity. Futile then to wail "Lover, come back to me." It will be more appropriate to sing "All dressed up and no place to go."

A nation of goalkeepers

The House of Lords had a lighter day when it ventilated a new approach to sport. The ex-athletes, of course, turned up in force, the ex-hurdler champion (Lord Exeter) and the ex-women's sprint champion (Baroness Burton) offered their great experience. Lord Amulree was briefed for hockey and (not surprisingly) the Duke of Atholl led for polo, its cradle being Cowdray Park. Needless to say, Baroness Summerskill once again led for the prosecution in the sport of boxing. Money and more money was the universal theme, and Lord Hailsham, impressed by arguments and wisecracks, finally conceded a round £1 million, one way and another. Some of the wisecracks were quite amusing, some of the arguments disputable. Lord Exeter feared that, with every adult a car owner, the rugged character of our race is changing. I see no present sign of that on our roads. We may be losing the use of our legs, but certainly not all other facets of ruggedness. The Duke of Atholl felt no doubt that polo should become a sport for working men. Many working lads are longing to play it. A Government grant to polo clubs would do the trick. Ponies hired at 10s a chukka would bring the oldest game within reach of all. Lord Longford took the middle-aged under his wing and advised abdominal massage and constant switches to new forms of sport which at least could not result in deterioration of skill. It was all very lighthearted (as in my view discussions on sport should be).

Stiletto heels

I read with sympathy the heart-cry from Mr Edward Carpenter, chairman of the Jane Austen Memorial Trust, about the damage which is being done by women's stiletto heels to the floors of Chawton cottage. I will direct my comment to the general and not the particular. I ask myself whether women's gallant struggle before World War I to attain equal status with men could have succeeded if then and during the war the stiletto heel had been in fashion. How can the female sex make such guys of themselves?

"O fat white woman whom nobody likes,

Why do you walk through the mud in spikes?"

Why do you waddle along country lanes in those pointed, stilted shoes, doing so much damage to yourself and parquet floors, too? When I contemplate your more sober sisters, in the Lords, in the Commons, on the Bench and in the boardroom, I never cease to marvel at their indifference to the damage being done to women's claim to equality by you and your frail sisters. How can your sisters in public life hope much longer to maintain the great illusion, if for ever it is punctured by your ridiculous footwear? Why have they not long since dissociated themselves from their sex in general to fight their cause as a third party (or sex)—"blooming hermaphrodites"? I am not claiming 100 per cent. wisdom and commonsense for my sex—far from it. But, dash it all, we are fundamentally better and more appropriately based. [PS: I shall be abroad when these lines are read by women readers and no correspondence will be forwarded.]

Earl Attlee talks with Mrs Sheila Lochhead, one of the three daughters of Mr Ramsay MacDonald, Britain's first Labour Prime Minister, after the unveiling of an LCC plaque on the house in Hampstead, North London, where Ramsay MacDonald lived during the years 1916 to 1925

The poetry of motion

Space travel is no doubt the poetry of motion today. Quite satisfactory speeds can be obtained, and there is no nonsense about speed limits and road sense. The count-down is the metre, and the talk-down, as Peter Simple pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph*, emphasises the poetry of speed. (For example, "Oh boy, you're smack dab in the middle of the go-plot.") But it will be difficult for the long-haired variety of poets of the future, working on such *jejune* material, to translate the poetry of speed in the 1960s into the more colourful and romantic language of poets dead and gone. "Oh bird, see, bird, I fly" was all very well for a boy going down a hill on a bicycle, but we've moved on since then, and "Oh boy, gee boy, I'm smack dab in the go-plot" will sound more like realism than romance. *The Old Stager*

Left: Lord Mountbatten, Chief of the Defence Staff, is with Mr Lionel Jofeh (right), Managing Director of Sperry Gyroscope Ltd., after unveiling a 22 ft. high statue of a gyroscope at the company's Brentford headquarters in Middlesex. The ceremony marked the Golden Jubilee of the company, whose first customer was the Navy

Above: The new Denny D-2 Hovercraft, to be operated on pleasure cruises on the Thames by Thames Launches Ltd., passes a huge BP tanker during a test run on the Gareloch in Scotland. This air-cushion vehicle will operate a daily service from the Festival Pier to the Houses of Parliament and to the Tower of London

Below: Lord Nugent, President of the MCC (left), receives the Wisden Trophy from Mr G. K. Medlock, Chairman of John Wisden and Co., in a ceremony in the Committee Rooms at Lord's. The trophy, which commemorates the publication of the 100th edition of *Wisden*, will be played for perpetually by England and the West Indies

Director Mankiewicz on the set for Alexandria

CLEO

More superlatives and statistics have been heaped upon the film of *Cleopatra* than any other in the cinema's gaudy history, and this before it has been seen in public. It has been talked about so much that the general public may be in for a surprise when it is revealed next week, in New York on June 12. It is a huge, spectacular film—running for four hours—but it does make claims to be a serious study of personality, and the director, Joseph Mankiewicz, has gone on record to say that it is a tragedy in which only two main characters survive and both of those are villains.

But it is the sums of money involved in this film which have provided the cause of so much interest. *Cleopatra* will have to gross over £22 million before Twentieth Century-Fox break even. It was announced that Rank had signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox providing for a record £300,000 seat guarantee for the film's engagement at Rank's Dominion Theatre in London, where it will open on July 31. In fact, Rank have underwritten the film to this unprecedented extent, without having seen it and without the British censors having seen it either. But weeks before *Cleopatra* opened in New York, Twentieth Century-Fox had received over $15.5 million in the U.S. and Canada in advance guarantees. This figure alone meant that, even before it opened, the film has become the seventh biggest money-taker ever in those two countries.

What is the film about? It is a study of Cleopatra and her relationship to two Romans. In the film's view, she was attracted to Caesar through his epilepsy (a sign of divine favour). Following Caesar's death, she turned to Antony, whom she could dominate as she never dominated Caesar. The script is a re-working of bits and pieces from Plutarch, Suetonius and Shakespeare. Whether Mankiewicz's view of Cleopatra is true seems hardly material as long as the film lives up to its ballyhoo.

Above: Antony (Richard Burton) and Cleopatra (Elizabeth Taylor) collapse in laughter on the grass with Cleopatra's young son, Caesarion (Del Russell), whom Antony has been trying to teach to fence

Far left: Cleopatra embraces the hard-bitten and powerful Caesar (Rex Harrison)

Left: As the fleets of Cleopatra and Antony meet those of Octavian in the decisive Battle of Actium, fireballs spiral across the smooth water

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

372 **INDIA**

The President's visit to Britain

President Radhakrishnan of India, who arrives in Britain on June 12 at the invitation of the Queen, is returning the visit she made to his country in 1961. He is distinguished in public life on two scores, as a philosopher and as a politician and diplomatist. Sarvepali Radhakrishnan was born in 1888 and was educated at Madras Christian College. From 1911 until 1936 he held posts in the philosophic faculties of a number of Indian universities, including Benares, Mysore and Calcutta. His international reputation was established in 1920 with the publication of the first of his many books, *The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy*. Oxford claimed him as Upton Lecturer at Manchester College in 1926 and 1929-30, and as Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics from 1936-52. On his resignation, he was made Professor Emeritus and D.C.L. America first heard his voice also in 1926, when he was Haskell Lecturer in Comparative Religion at Chicago University. These were but a few of Dr Radhakrishnan's academic distinctions. Meanwhile, he had also been developing the political side of his nature. In the 1930s he served on the League of Nations Committee on Intellectual Co-operation and from 1946 to 1952 he led the Indian delegation to Unesco. From 1949-52 he was the first Ambassador to Moscow of Independent India. He was made an honorary Professor of the University of Moscow in 1956. In 1952 he returned home to become Vice-President of India, succeeding Dr Prasad in the Presidency just over a year ago.

President Radhakrishnan of India

One of his best-known books is *Eastern Religions and Western Thought*—based on lectures given at Oxford and elsewhere in 1936-38 in which he propounds his abiding belief in the need for a coming-together of oriental and occidental philosophies. In it he wrote: "Mankind is still in the making. Human life as we have it is only the raw material for human life as it might be. There is hitherto undreamt-of fullness, freedom and happiness within reach of our species, if only we can pull ourselves together and go forward with a high purpose and fine resolve. What we require are not professions and programmes but the power of spirit in the hearts of men, a power which will help us to discipline our passions of greed and selfishness and organise the world which is at one with us in desire."

The High Commissioner for New Zealand and Lady Macdonald receive Sir Learie Constantine, High Commissioner for Trinidad, at a reception at the new New Zealand House in London

Sir Roland Symonette, first Premier-designate of the Bahamas, conducts a band on his return to Nassau after the constitutional talks in London

MALAYA

Defence Problems of the New Federation

With the approaching inauguration of the Federation of Malaysia, due on August 31, the voices of opposition to the projected union of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, British North Borneo and Brunei, have been clamouring with increasing insistence. The most immediate threats that the Federation has to face are from Indonesia, and from fomented insurrection in Brunei and North Borneo. The more distant threat of aggression from Communist China is not likely to become menacing while an effective shield is maintained by Seato.

Immediate urgency is, however, brought to the question of defence by the violent reactions to the prospect of what is called by its enemies "Malayan domination." In Indonesia, the hostile Communist Party (PKI) is bent on wrecking Malaysia, currently through subversive activity. In Brunei, armed revolt continues and guerilla warfare has been carried by the North Kalimantan National Army (TNKU) over the borders into Sarawak and North Borneo. The Malayan Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, has continually emphasised the peaceful purposes of federation, and did so again on the Moslem occasion of Hari Raya Rahman. But propaganda, however urgent, could never be enough by itself to still opposition to the Federation. The problem is a military one that will be inherited by the Malaysian Government.

The fundamental importance of adequate defence was one of the two main themes of the recent visit made to America and Britain by Tun Abdul Razak, the Malayan Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, and Tan Siew Sin, Finance Minister. Their task in their discussions with the British Government was to obtain enough aid to finance the cost of Malaysian defence. At present, Malaya is spending about £11 million a year on defence, or a tenth of the annual budget. All the experts agree that this cost will double with the establishment of the Federation.

The existing defence treaty between Britain and Malaya requires Britain to assist in training and equipping Malayan forces and to supply support for external defence in return for the right to station the Commonwealth reserve brigade in Malaya. Though the treaty may be expected to extend to the Federation as a whole, British offer of further aid fell a long way below Malayan hopes. With the independence of the component territories of Malaysia, Treasury grants would cease in accordance with the usual principle, and the British Government is alarmed lest special defence payments should be taken as a precedent elsewhere.

In the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in London, Mr R. Douglas Palmer (left) explains a point to Mr Mitchell Sharp (third from left), Canadian Minister for Trade and Commerce. With them are Mr George A. Drew, Canadian High Commissioner (right), and Mr B. C. Butler, Minister (Commercial) at the High Commission

Flags of the Commonwealth are carried in procession to Westminster Abbey for the Commonwealth Day Service of prayer and dedication. The Prime Minister read the Lesson and the Archdeacon of London gave an address. The service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster

Commonwealth journalists are received by the Lord Mayor, Sir Ralph Perring, at the Mansion House. They are visiting Britain for six months under the Commonwealth Press Union Fellowship Scheme. From left to right: Mr P. T. Scherer (*The New Zealand Herald*), Mr M. A. O. Bara-Hart (*The Morning Post*, Lagos), Mr K. D. Seyer (*South China Morning Post*, Hong Kong), Mr P. S. Sen (*The Statesman*, Calcutta), Sir Ralph Perring, the Lord Mayor, Mr R. M. Fisher (*The Waikato Times*, Hamilton), Mr W. J. Perry (*The Daily Mirror*, Sydney), Mr. D. C. Ranatunga (*Dinamina*, Colombo), Mr M. Alam (*Dawn*, Karachi), Mr. N. Narasimhan (*The Hindu*, Madras)

BOOK REVIEWS

Magic, Divination and Witchcraft among the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia (Chatto and Windus. 35s) is the title of the third publication in the Robins series edited by Gervas Clay. The author is Barrie Reynolds, keeper of Ethnography at the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum. It was his official work in connection with a sudden wave of witchcraft cases brought before the courts in 1956 and early 1957 that led him to make a detailed study of Barotse belief in magic. The result is an outline of the various techniques employed by different kinds of sorcerer and witch-doctor. Basic distinctions are drawn between the Muloi (witches, sorcerers and necrophagers) who use magic to harm or kill, and the Ng'aka (witch-doctors) whose aid is sought in the case of sickness or of victimisation by witches. There are chapters on the parts played by the Mulauli (diviners) and by the Sitondo (rain-makers). Their practices may be regarded as mumbo-jumbo to the European, but they are shown in this book to be an integral part of primitive African thinking, and though often illegal, as a stabilising factor in village life.

A Nation of Trees (New Authors Limited. 21s) is an earthy, intimate description of Australian life by a young Englishwoman who spent two years there. The book is written entirely in the present tense, much of it as a diary of the day-to-day experiences in the life of the author. Rosemary Millington began as a copy-writer in a Melbourne store. This was followed by a period as a governess on a Queensland sheep station and this in turn by a final stage as a cook in sapphire-mining Rubyvale, a lost ghost-town on the central Queensland plateau. None of these jobs was planned. Miss Millington just wandered from one to another trying to play down her Pommyness and identify herself with the people she met. If she didn't have enough of her heart in her work to stay in Australia for life, she at least preserved enough detachment to observe with accuracy and even affection the peculiar details of her experience.

Co-operative Leadership in South-East Asia (Asia Publishing House. 21s) is a collection of papers read at a Seminar held by the International Co-operative Alliance at New Delhi in 1960. Although it is a mere 134 pages long, it is likely to become a standard textbook in co-operative theory, for the papers are by 12 eminent specialists, including Jawahalal Nehru, the Indian Premier, and Mauritz Bonow, President of the Swedish Co-operative Movement. Their preoccupation is with the problem of securing economic and social advance through the growth of co-operative partnership, through, that is, a system that is morally and politically sound as well as being administratively effective. In this country the co-operative movement is best known through the Co-operative Societies, which are primarily societies of consumers. In countries like India, Malaya and Ceylon, however, the principle of Rochdale is applicable first of all to the reorganisation of agricultural producers. But it has been clear in all the countries where it has been tried that the co-operative system can only be operated if there is adequate leadership. The ICA Seminar emphasised the great need for leaders who can convert relatively backward peoples from individual to co-operative effort, leaders who can win confidence as leaders, not lose it as bosses or carecrists. The International Co-operative Alliance comprises 110 voluntary co-operative movements in 51 countries. It was founded in 1895 to promote a non-profit system of production and trade, based on mutual self-help and in the interests of the whole community.

THE THREE BROTHERS

In their simple living quarters in the monastery of St. Barnabas in Cyprus, the three brothers, Stefanos, Chariton and Barnabas, prepare a meal

Father Barnabas cleans the pulpit in the church, which is named after St. Barnabas, patron saint and founder of the Greek Orthodox Church in Cyprus

The ancient monastery of St. Barnabas lies a mile from the excavated town of Salamis and about five miles from Famagusta on Cyprus. It was built in the fifth century A.D. from funds provided by the Emperor Zeno and named after the founder of the Greek Orthodox Church on the island. The guardians of the tomb of St. Barnabas are three brothers, Father Chariton, Father Stefanos and Father Barnabas. For many years they have laboured to rebuild the monastery and its church. Parts of the building are over 500 years old and in the courtyard there is a crude grinding stone dating from the first century B.C.

The three monks gain their income from painting ikons, for which they are famous all over the island. Often they can be found at work at their easels under a tree in the monastery's courtyard planted by Father Barnabas 40 years ago. First of the brothers to arrive at the monastery was Father Chariton 43 years ago. He was soon joined by his two brothers. During the years they have been there, they have laboured, mostly by themselves, to restore the buildings. The bell-tower was rebuilt and a new bell was obtained.

From left, Father Chariton, aged 73, Father Stefanos, aged 64, and Father Barnabas, aged 62

THE CAVALRY

376 The club was founded in 1895 in a late 19th-century house in Piccadilly with windows looking onto Green Park. There were extensions and alterations to the premises in the first ten years of the present century. Although today all cavalry regiments are mechanised, the club's original purpose of being exclusively for cavalry officers is still maintained in the sense that members must come from erstwhile horsed regiments.

The atmosphere of the more leisurely age of the horse is preserved, too, within the clubhouse walls. Splendid paintings of cavalry charges and of other equestrian scenes abound. But probably the best-known picture in the collection is of the "very gallant gentleman" Captain L. E. G. Oates (of the Inniskilling Dragoons) stumbling through the polar blizzard to his heroic death in the hope that the rest of Scott's South Pole expedition would be able to reach their base. A noted statuette in the club is Herbert Haseltine's 'The Empty Saddle', the memorial for the two World Wars.

Unlike some London clubs, membership of the Cavalry is all-male. But this does not mean women are excluded from the premises. The opposite is the case. There are drawing-rooms and a splendid dining-room for lady visitors. Children over 12 are also welcomed and in spirit the Cavalry can justly claim to be a family club.

The Library in the Cavalry Club at 127 Piccadilly. Above the mantelpiece is the painting 'Cromwell with Page

In the Smoking Room, Simon Elwes' portrait of George VI is over the mantelpiece

'The Empty Saddle'—memorial for the two World Wars

Drawings by **Geoffrey S. Fletcher**

The staircase with its balustrade which is an excellent example of turn-of-the-century ironwork

CLITHEROE AND PENDLETON

378 Clitheroe, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, has no railway. Travelling by train, you have to go to Blackburn and thence by bus; a journey of some ten miles which takes 40 minutes, and a dull journey at that. Motoring, if you are approaching from the south, it is better to avoid the main road (unless you are in a hurry) and to take the roundabout by-way—it is often little more than a lane—through Wiswell and Pendleton, for this is a moorland road and overshadowed by Pendle itself.

So far as I am aware, Wiswell is ignored by all the guide books. It does not so much as get a mention in the AA Road Book. This surprises me, for there are some very old cottages and one particularly fine (and sympathetically restored) old house, Vicarage Farm. The village has greater architectural pretensions, in the local idiom, than many that are much advertised. Moreover, Wiswell has connections with a little-known episode in English history; for, nearby, is Jeppe Knave's Grave. You have never heard of Jeppe the Knave? Nor had I until I stopped in Wiswell and visited the little inn tucked away in a back alley behind Vicarage Farm. There the local " ancient " told me all about Jeppe and gave me careful directions for finding the stone. According to this old man, Jeppe was a robber who terrorised the Pendle neighbourhood with a gang of desperate men. When he was finally trapped and beheaded, none of the villages would be responsible for the body, so it was taken to common ground high on the moors and a stone placed to mark the spot.

All this happened away back in Norman days. I think the story has been distorted by time. Simple thugs were then hanged, their bodies chucked into a hole in the ground: they were not beheaded (a fate normally reserved for people of some importance) and given a memorial stone. I think that Jeppe must have been a leader of the dispossessed English and that we have here the ill-remembered story of another Hereward. I did not find the stone. I have no doubt that the directions given me were good enough, but this is pathless country and one hump looks very much like another to the stranger. But there is a stone (a sketch of it exists) and one day I shall go and have another search for it. Not because I expect to find it, but because it will mean another wonderful walk over high and difficult country.

Pendleton (locally pronounced "Peniltoon") is another little place of distinct antiquity and no history. But Pendle Hill, rising to almost 2,000 ft. above it, is famous as the home of the Lancashire Witches. This is the country where they sacrificed black cocks at the crossroads on Walpurgis Night, this is the country where, according to Harrison Ainsworth, you might see old ladies hurtling through the air on broomsticks to attend their devil-worship meetings. (At the Lancaster trial, though many confessed to extraordinary practices, none of the witches professed to have flown!)

It is easy enough on Pendle to believe in witchcraft, easy enough to believe that this is haunted country, easy enough to understand why there are villagers hereabouts who even today would not venture on to the hill after dark, believing that there are evil spirits abroad there at night. No one believes in witches now, but . . . Well, I was in Clitheroe for the eighth centenary celebrations and Pendle certainly did not behave herself that day. For during the pageant a great storm built up, so that the hill was altogether blotted out. Dancing in the thick purple pall of cloud was the most spectacular fork lightning I have ever seen. When the storm finally broke on Clitheroe, it put out every light in the town. An old man standing near me jerked his thumb towards Pendle and said: " I'll bet there's an old hag up there with a bloody great grin on her face." From his face, he was more than half serious.

The side of Pendle facing towards industrial Lancashire is much darker, blacker, than the side looking towards Bowland. Smoke is all-pervasive here, blackening the stone, tingeing the grass and the sheep. So it comes as all the greater shock, all the pleasanter surprise, to find Clitheroe so clean. For Clitheroe is an industrial town. It marks the northerly limit of industrialism in Lancashire, with cotton, calico printing and limestone quarrying as its main activities. It is an old, old town—it was old when its giant neighbours, Blackburn and Burnley, were hamlets or nothing at all—with the ruin of a Norman keep perched on a limestone crag at the foot of the main street. This is all that remains of the castle of the de Laceys, and is said to be the smallest Norman keep in the country. It is so small that Walter Greenwood has suggested that it was not built as a castle to dominate a hostile countryside, but rather as a bolt-hole for the de Laceys in times of trouble. And maybe that was true when Jeppe was around!

The ruined keep, the lush meadows of the Ribble, Pendle towering above, all combine to give Clitheroe the air of a country town, a market town. Which, in fact, it is. There are industries in Clitheroe, but somehow they seem to be there on sufferance. The stranger is not aware of them; only of the country pressing in upon the town, containing it.

The public library in the Lancashire town of Clitheroe

Pendle Hill, famous as the home of the Lancashire Witches

C. E. Montague, writing of these Lancashire Pennine towns and mining villages, said: " Here English soil is more ancient than anywhere else, and the ways of man's labour more modern. For here alone the edges of the towns where work is all a manipulation of steam and electric power are frayed against ridges of rock that were old before the site of London was made: here the factory hooter wakes sitting grouse and ' you hear the clogs, before dawn, tapping a dotted line of sound through peat and bracken.' " That is pretty well as true today as when it was written half a century and more ago. Certainly, it is true of Clitheroe. Grouse still nest within hooter range of Clitheroe's centre. I myself, standing in the street leading to Castlegate, have heard and seen a calling curlew flying overhead. Yes, it is true of Clitheroe. Only the clogs have gone. The dotted line of sound is now tapped out, staccato, by stiletto heels. Clitheroe keeps pace with the times.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Three dinghies have been accepted for showing at the Design Centre in the Haymarket by the Council of Industrial Design. It seems an unusual and welcome departure for this august body to extend its interest to sailing craft, but I am told it has happened twice before. As there is only sufficient room to display two boats at any given time, one of them, the *Fireball*, has now been replaced by a more conventionally shaped glass-fibre dinghy, the *Firebird*, and the third one, the *Minisail Monaco*, will remain on show until the exhibition closes at the end of June.

I inquired into the method of selection and I was told that the boats were chosen by the sports advisers, including a leading boat designer, of the Council of Industrial Design. Previously they had to pass the scrutiny of the "Design Index," a body which consists of members of the Council, its senior staff and industrial officers, plus six independent members. The object of selection is to promote good design, and the use of sound and appropriate materials; good appearance, quality of materials and manufacture; suitability for purpose; pleasure in use and ease of maintenance. These are all qualifications which are applicable in the case of boats.

I described *Fireball*, a high performance, light 16-footer designed by Peter Milne, in these pages some little time ago. Since then she has distinguished herself in the last One-of-a-Kind Races held at Miami when she was sailed by Jack Knights. The *Minisail Monaco*, designed by Ian Proctor, is a 13-ft. "Skimming dish" with a sail area of 80 sq. ft., and sailing it would be great fun; recommended for warmer waters than ours, or for the hardy ones who don't mind. The glass-fibre hull is unsinkable and needs no maintenance.

The third boat, on view now, is the *Firebird*, to which I made a brief reference a few weeks ago. It is by the same designer and made by the enterprising firm of J. L. Gmach and Co. Ltd., at Fordingbridge, Hampshire, who specialise in good quality glass-fibre construction. She is of traditional shape and dimensions, just over 11 ft. long, with a beam of nearly 5 ft., and carries 73 sq. ft. of sail. She is intended for sailing on confined, sheltered water and might be suitable for beginners, while giving a reasonable performance in the hands of the more experienced.

Ian Proctor is one of our top designers and it is interesting to note that, unlike other dinghy specialists, he does not confine himself to producing designs for purely racing purposes, as shown by the two examples dealt with above. His *Gull*, in fact, was chosen by the RYA to be the first of a new category of "approved" classes, for dinghies "not primarily used for racing." Its dimensions are similar to the *Firebird*, with a smaller sail area of 63 sq. ft.

Another, earlier one of his designs, the 16-ft. *Wayfarer*, was also intended for cruising rather than racing. Nevertheless, in the four years of its existence this class has grown to over 700 sail, is used by several sailing schools for instruction and by many people for racing. The Southern Area Championships of the Wayfarer class are to be held this weekend at Lymington, and I understand there are over 40 entries from all over the country, including the eight clubs which race them regularly.

The *Firebird* (above) and *Minisail Monaco* (left)
Below: One of the popular Wayfarer class

TOUR OF NORTH WALES BY SYLVIE NICKELS

380 Someone once said—and perhaps it was a Welshman—that the Welsh have ears but no eyes. The exact meaning of this curious statement was only really brought home to me recently on a tour of Snowdonia and the Lleyn Peninsula. This area is as rich and varied in scenery as any in these islands, with corners of peacefulness, mountains of majesty, some almost undiscovered beaches, and all the historic associations one could wish for. It's the resorts themselves which are lacking in any visual virtue except that of spotless cleanliness. There are exceptions. I found two, and there must be more.

My own approach was from Chester, through that spacious Denbighshire countryside which makes such a good preliminary to the more rugged stuff which lies ahead. The descent through thick forests to Bettws-y-Coed, where three valleys meet, is beautiful and so is the bleak splendour which awaits you a few miles on. If you are doing a round tour, I suggest you turn left at Capel Curig, then right four miles later to go over the Llanberis Pass and so down to Caernarvon. Llanberis, which has no charm in itself, is the starting point not only of the Snowdon railway but also of some walking tours through majestic scenery.

Caernarvon is a mere seven miles away, and it is a place that attracts me immensely. You would not call it beautiful, for it has too grey and stern a quality for that, but it has a tremendous character. The Castle is the greatest of its highlights. From its walls there are fine views, too, across the Menai Strait to Anglesey. Among many other sights are the Roman ruins of Segontium, for this was the westernmost outpost of the Roman Empire.

Delights of the Lleyn Peninsula

The Lleyn Peninsula stretches to the south-west of Caernarvon, in shape an almost exact replica of Cornwall in miniature and equally full of unexpected delights. Even the road network which leads along the northern shore to its farthermost point is somehow significant, for you start on a trunk road, proceed through an "A" to a "B" road and finally lose yourself in a labyrinth of lanes marked on most maps (if at all) as thin red lines, vaguely described as " other roads."

The northern side of the Peninsula is considerably less developed than the south. On the way you will pass the tiny village of Clynnog with its fine old church; there are any number of these scattered about the region, each recalling some revered Celtic saint. The triple summits of The Rivals dominate this coast and just beyond them are the two resorts of Nefyn and Morfa Nefyn on twin bays of splendid sand. Farther on, tucked far away from any village, are some lovely little coves and beaches. The most curious of these is at Porth Oer (Whistling Sands) which, if they don't actually whistle, certainly express themselves vociferously under your feet.

From this area you can criss-cross the Peninsula, losing yourself amid the little lanes—literally losing yourself, for the system of signposting at times is most strange. But getting lost is a pleasure on the Lleyn Peninsula and it may well lead you, as it did me, to the wild land's end of Wales at Braich-y-Pwll from which, amid steep slopes of fern and gorse, you stare out to Bardsey Island and the open sea.

Bardsey Island, where 20,000 saints are said to have been buried, has a handful of inhabitants and a ruined abbey; it can be reached from Aberdaron when the conditions are right. Aberdaron must be the prettiest little resort on the Peninsula. It has simple, comfortable accommodation at the Ty Newydd hotel right by the beach. Llanengan, right in the heel of the peninsula, is near a wonderful stretch of sand. It has no hotels, but an attractive local pub (another rarity in these parts) and an interesting old church.

From Llanengan, it is a mere mile or two to Abersoch and the main road which links a string of far better-known resorts along the south-coast of the Peninsula. Abersoch itself has wonderful sand dunes and straddles the mouth of the river Soch. A few miles farther on, Llanbedrog, just off the main road, is tucked attractively under a headland. Next comes Pwllheli, the Peninsula's capital, though for those who prefer a larger resort, I would suggest that Criccieth, nine miles to the east, has far more character. This rather neat little town stands on a headland that separates the two beaches (stony, but with some sand

The Lleyn Peninsula is now behind you. Ahead lies Portmadoc, from whose harbour starts the privately run Festiniog railway, and

The gaunt grey castle, which is superbly preserved, dominates the town of Caernarvon

A 13th-century castle looks down on children playing on the

shortly after you will come to Minfford, the nearest point on the main road to Portmeirion.

Portmeirion is the strange brain child of architect Clough Williams-Ellis. It is a village and hotel all in one, a private Portofino created on the shores of Wales. Whether you will like it or not depends on your taste in architecture, but certainly you cannot remain indifferent to this vivid facsimile of an Italian village, complete with campanile, set in the loveliest of surroundings overlooking the sand-banks of the estuary, and with excellent facilities. Full board prices are from £3 8s. per day.

From Penrhyndeudraeth, a mile on from Minfford, a road leads northwards back to Snowdonia. After seven miles, you reach Beddgelert, scene of the sad little legend of Prince Llewelyn and his dog. This would be my unhesitating choice for a mountain centre. From Beddgelert, a road leads north-west to Caernarvon, another north-east to Capel Curig and the end of the circular tour. The latter goes through Nant Gwynant, climbing high along the southern wall of the valley to face Snowdon's famous peak. It could hardly provide a better finale.

For further information: British Travel and Holidays Association, 64-65, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1; or Welsh Tourist and Holidays Board, 7 Park Place, Cardiff.

Means of access: London-Caernarvon, by rail. £8 14s. 1st class return. £5 16s. 2nd class return. Reductions of up to 25 per cent are available for mid-week travel during the summer (second class only).

Portmeirion, facsimile of an Italian village on the shores of Wales, designed by Clough William-Ellis

Beach at the Welsh resort of Criccieth

BACK-DOOR ENTRY TO PORTUGAL

The cheap night tourist mid-week fare by air to Gibraltar is attracting many people with families who are arranging to spend a holiday on the Algarve coast of southern Portugal this summer. Self-drive car hire in Gibraltar is relatively cheap, and it is possible to drive to Monte Gordo, just the other side of the Spanish-Portuguese frontier, in one day, a distance of some 250 miles. Praiha da Rochas and Sagres require a further driving of 80 and 100 miles. A few notes on the conditions likely to be encountered on this route might be helpful.

This winter has been a bad one in Spain and the roads have deteriorated. In Portugal, however, the roads are excellent and high speeds can be maintained, although great care should be taken when passing lorries or buses, which have the habit of monopolising the crown of the road. In southern Spain the lorry-drivers are much more considerate, although they too can be unfriendly if you attempt to pass without their sanction, which is indicated nearly always by a green light at the rear left-hand side of their vehicle, or a wave of a hand. The procedure is to give a mild " peep " of your horn and wait for a return signal, from what I can only describe as the rear dashboard of the lorry, there being at least six lamps on every vehicle. The local rules of the road are supplied when you take over your car at Gibraltar, and they should be studied with some care.

The passport control and Customs at La Linea de la Concepcion, just across the other side of the airport from Gibraltar, are today simple indeed with their examinations.

The road as far as Algeciras is relatively good, except for the odd pot-holes, which are not deep enough to worry you if you have a Gibraltar-hired car. These are always fitted with heavy-duty springs and suspensions. This is a point to remember if you are thinking of driving your car all the way down there. Conditions might be hard on a home-market model. From Algeciras the road to Tarifa climbs up over the mountains with many hairpin bends.

The bends are easy enough and the road reasonably wide, but the surface is terrible. All good motoring maps show gaps where there were two unmade stretches, falling between, as they do, the jurisdiction of rival local administrations. These gaps have now been reduced to one small stretch of about 50 yards. Nevertheless the broken surface and pot-holes make it impossible for anyone to travel at more than 25 to 30 miles per hour. Once at Tarifa the road improves, but care must be taken until the main Cadiz-Seville road is reached and you turn right.

From then on the going is very good. Seville is easily crossed along a splendid riverside boulevard, and all is well until you reach Huelva. The road there is not so good, but never so bad as the Tarifa stretch. At one point this summer, the river has to be forded, the bridge having broken down in recent months. Fortunately, by keeping well to the right a depth of nine inches of water is never exceeded. At Ayamonte, the Spanish Customs treat the tourist reasonably well. The ferry across the Guadiniana looks at first sight somewhat primitive, but it is nevertheless entirely reliable. Converted fishing-boats take two cars astride across their decks, the ferrymen being most helpful in guiding the drivers. Once in Portugal everyone is all smiles and the roads are splendid. **W.D.C.C.**

FAMOUS FEMME FATALE *and this week's fiction*

382 **My Sister, My Spouse** by H. F. Peters: Gollancz. 25s. There are probably all kinds of reasons why men should steer clear of *femmes fatale*, and—demonstrably—most men seem to, but once in a decade or so it is fascinating to come across such a creature, or, more cautiously, to read about her. Take the case of Lou-Andreas Salomé, for instance, which is precisely what Professor H. F. Peters has done in his biography. This lady was Russian and aristocratic by birth; passionate, liberal, intellectual and intense by character. "I am at home in happiness," she said of herself, adding that she could not understand why her most spontaneous actions had caused so much unhappiness for others. Nietzsche fell in love with Lou Salomé, she was the poet Rilke's mistress, her friends numbered among them Strindberg, Wagner and Tolstoy. As one of her admirers put it, "Lou would form a passionate attachment to a man and nine months later the man gave birth to a book." She was described, with a little less than charity, as "daemonic, primordial, without any feminine weaknesses . . . a being from prehistoric times," and she was also a very pretty woman with a snub nose, bright eyes and a Geiger-counter capacity for discovering genius in men. Professor Peters' intelligent and perceptive book is an introduction to an extraordinary human being who died not 30 years ago.

André Gide by Jean Hytier: Constable. 25s. André Gide wrote that the aesthetic point of view was the only sound one to take in discussing his work and, when he read a study of his *oeuvre* by Professor Jean Hytier, based on a series of eight university lectures, he wrote to the author: "I want you to know that you have my profound and heartfelt gratitude." It is an enlightened volume of appreciation and criticism. It will appeal principally to those readers who are familiar with Gide's books and they will find in it matter for reflection and for fresh enjoyment.

I, Michelangelo, Sculptor edited by Irving and Jean Stone: Collins. 30s, is an autobiography through letters. The editors have followed up the success of Mr Stone's earlier and popular biographical novel, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, with something of the great man's view of himself through his own correspondence, and the two books together make a solid achievement of scholarship as well as devotion. In order to familiarise himself with his subject Mr Stone had, before writing the novel, lived in Rome, Bologna, Siena and Venice; all of them cities in which Michelangelo had worked. The present volume reveals Michelangelo as a supreme artist who put all his vitality and almost all his emotion into his work.

Night and Silence Who is Here? by Pamela Hansford Johnson: Macmillan. 18s, is categorised as "an American comedy," which is to say that the setting is entirely that of a university college in New Hampshire, except for a brief excursion or two to New York and New England, and that the greater number of the characters are American professors, their ladies and their students. The notable exception is Miss Hansford Johnson's hero, Matthew Pryar, a 50-year-old Englishman with slender academic qualifications, in the States as a Visiting Fellow (pleasant term). By any reckoning, this is the author's wittiest book and I found it a continuous delight in its observation, its unmalicious acuteness and its good-humoured review of dons.

Georges Seurat's study in conté crayon for "The Bathers" is one of the illustrations in *French Impressionists* by Maurice Serullaz: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 35s. This is the first volume of a new series devoted to the art of drawing

Paradise Creek by Leo Walmsley: Collins. 18s, begins with the announcement that it is a true story. In fact, it is an autobiographical novel, which is a form previously used by this writer, and which always leaves me slightly uneasy. Logically, the intimacy of the method should have its appeal. In fact and in practice, it is neither flesh, fowl nor good Cornish mackerel. Cornwall was the scene of *Love in the Sun*, and it is to Cornwall that Mr Walmsley returns with his marriage breaking up and with only a faint hope that he can put the clock back to happier days. Much of his narrative is touching; all of it is very readable and he evokes Fowey, Polruan and the harbour river between them with affectionate exactness.

Mr Stone and the Knights Companion by V. S. Naipaul: André Deutsch. 16s, marks the first time this very distinguished West Indian author has written a novel which deals exclusively with the English against their own background. The result is completely successful: a study of a neat and retiring man who, facing the uncertainties of life quite alone, hits on a brilliant scheme, marries on the strength of it and, in the end, finds himself more alone than ever. Beautifully written, restrained and sensitive.

Love Has Seven Faces by Gracie Brewster: Dobson. 18s, is a novel with an unusual history, for this is the pen-name of one who is apparently a well-known author under his own name and the book was written for his own enjoyment and not, at first, for publication. The story of an author and playwright who takes his material from his own experiences is not entirely original but the writer has contrived to

THE HISTORY OF MANKIND

And Then Came Man by H. Bastian: Museum Press. 35s. Tracing the history of the earth from its start as a ball of fire through the gradual appearance of life, and its subsequent elaboration, the author presents the science of prehistory with clarity and vigour. Here the stage is set for man's further development after millions of years of evolution, starting with the growth of life from the lowliest algae in the primal seas. One cannot escape the thought that with all this elaborate stage management it is up to man to organise a bit better than he is doing at the moment; maybe to think in terms of a higher level of being, or at the very least of saving the world from becoming again the ball of fire that once it was. The author is careful to avoid either philosophising or theorising, but he gives one furiously to think. The translation from the German is by Desmond I. Vesey.

History of Mankind: Cultural and Scientific Development, Volume 1, by Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley: Allen and Unwin. 75s. Here is the beginning of the global history of mankind, a magnificent project which stems from the Conference of Ministers of Education which met in London in 1943. Nine years later, largely on the initiative of Sir Julian Huxley, the International Commission for a History of the Scientific and Cultural Development of Mankind was constituted under the auspices of Unesco. Now the great endeavour is bearing fruit. In Part I of this first volume Jacquetta Hawkes, setting the pace in lively and readable style, begins with the early ape men and their first groping efforts to make tools, control fire and form a language. The story is taken down to the origins of farming in Europe, Asia and America, the first emergence of settled communities. Sir Leonard Woolley in Part II takes up the theme with the same scholarship-cum-gusto as Jacquetta Hawkes. We see the gradual urbanisation of civilisations, the evolution of industries and the development of the fine arts. What a notable start to the series this is, and what a mastery these two writers have gained over the immense amount of material they have had to handle! Chiefly emerging from these glowing pages is how the slow pace of the Stone Age, when millennium succeeded millennium with barely perceptible change in man's estate, gave place to the quickening pace of the Bronze Age, when in the course of a few centuries the world of the Middle East was utterly transformed.

The Heritage of Persia by Richard N. Frye: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s. Harvard's Professor of Iranian History tells of one of the most splendid, powerful and long-lasting of early civilisations. This volume, forming part of the History of Civilisation now being produced under the general editorship of Sir Ronald Syme, covers 2,500 years of Persian history and culture. Professor Frye has included in his survey, which is lavishly illustrated, all those lands both inside and outside the borders of modern Persia which were Iranian in speech and culture.

Sons of the Sun by Marcel F. Homet: Neville Spearman. 35s. Professor Homet is one of the world's leading archaeologists, his main field of work being in the Amazonian jungles. He has found in northern Brazil interesting links with Mediterranean cultures, and he points out remarkable similarities between tools, inscriptions and monuments in both Crete and Egypt on the one hand and Amazonia on the other. Inevitably theories about the lost Atlantis, the land bridge between the eastern and western worlds, are called up for examination. The author is convinced that the Atlanteans did indeed populate lands on both sides of the Atlantic.

give it a high French gloss and to present it as a would-be translation from the French. Lighthearted in the main and entertaining.

Venus Half-caste by Leonard Mann: Hodder and Stoughton. 18s, comes from Australia and is a long, richly detailed study of an aborigine girl who, with one white parent to her credit or discredit, attempts to win her way into white society in Melbourne. Sincerely expressed and with some excellent evocative writing about the city and the country itself.

The Praetorians by Jean Larteguy, translation from the French by Ian Fielding: Hutchinson. 21s, is a sequel to the author's story, *The Centurions*, which told of tough fighting in Indo-China and Algeria and described the emergence of a force of revolutionary fighters, paratroop officers and men, who had trained themselves, through the Viet-minh fighting, not to accept defeat in North Africa. The new book deals with the last phases of the war in Algeria and shows the bitter adjustments through which some of these officers must pass at its end. Forceful and authoritative.

...ng Rat by James Clavell: Michael Joseph. ... has been highly recommended by Ian ...ming and it is reasonable to suppose that he ...ows a thriller when he sees one. In the event, it's a thriller with a difference: set in the hideous Japanese prison camp of Changi in 1945, and containing one or two horrors which are unusual even in this type of suspense story. Mr Fleming's praise is justified, though I would only recommend the book to my more resilient friends.

T... Snake is Living Yet by Susan Gilruth: H...der and Stoughton. 16s, is an extremely ingenious whodunnit which takes place in and around Tangier. Miss Gilruth also has a nice sense of plot and although her book is fa...ess hair-raising than the one above, it has so... excellent and recommendable points.

Vernon Fane

Crete and Early Greece by Friedrich Matz: Methuen. 48s. This is volume ten of the Art of the World series, a most valuable series of regional histories which has already won golden opinions. The colour reproductions are pasted into the volume and excellent maps and line drawings also enhance the text.

Australia 63 by Alan Ross: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. One of our leading cricket correspondents, representing one of our graver journals, gives his running commentary on the recent MCC tour down under. For the ardent cricket fan this is an excellent recapitulation of what was almost an exciting series, a series, however, that died through failure of initiative in the closing phases when the public was crying out for adventurous cricket. Mr Ross leaps to the defence of the heavily criticised Dexter, although admitting that something went sadly wrong.

Cricket by Freddie Trueman: Pelham Books. 13s 6d. This is an instructional book, so look for no fireworks here from Fiery Fred. There is much wisdom in these pages, most notably on the captain's art of handling fast bowlers.

Richard Edmonds

SNOW MAN

John Clements has directed and stars in the third of Ronald Millar's stage versions of the novels of C. P. Snow. (He is here with Allan Jeayes as Despard-Smith.) This one is *The Masters*, a characteristic and concentrated study of a Cambridge Senior Common Room in the midst of choosing a new Master of the College. The play received enthusiastic reviews last week when it opened at the Savoy Theatre in London. John Clements has already appeared in the first of the adaptations—*The Affair* - as Snow's hero-narrator, Lewis Eliot. This time, however, he plays a different role, as Jago, the conservative, well-liked but particularly distinguished Fellow who is in the running for election as Master, against Crawford, an unpopular but eminent scientist. The intrigues, a microcosmic world of power politics, form the core of the play, as Fellows change sides and the majority goes first one way then the other. Readers of the novel will remember how successfully it conveyed the tensions of a closed world—although at times it lapsed into caricature—and gained its strength by concentration. For the same reasons the play should be successful.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **SIR JULIAN PODE**

Sir Julian Pode, JP, FCA, FCIS, is Chairman of The Steel Company of Wales. He entered the steel industry in 1926 when he joined the staff of Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds Ltd. as District Accountant. In 1930, when the heavy steel interests of the company were amalgamated with those of Baldwin's Ltd., he was appointed Secretary of the new company. By 1945, he had become Managing Director. In September 1947, The Steel Company of Wales Ltd. was formed for the purpose of modernising the sheet steel and tinplate industries of South Wales, and he was appointed Managing Director. For 15 years in this role he guided the company through one of the biggest development projects carried out in the industry, raising ingot steel output from half a million to three million tons per year. Sir Julian was appointed Deputy Chairman, in addition to his post of Managing Director, in 1961, and last year became Chairman. By profession a Chartered Accountant, he is a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and a Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. Julian Pode was born in Sheffield in 1902 and educated in HMS *Conway*. During the First World War, he served in the Navy. He has played a leading role in the British Iron and Steel Federation, being President in 1962 and reappointed for this year. Sir Julian is a member of the Council of the Iron and Steel Institute, and the Industrial Fuel Efficiency Service, a member of the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries and Chairman of their Fuel and Power Consumers' Policy Committee. In 1959, he accepted the Chairmanship of the Managing Committee of the Athlone Fellowship Scheme and is a member of the UK Commonwealth Scholarship Scheme. He is a director of Lloyds Bank Ltd., Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds Ltd. and other companies. Sir Julian was High Sheriff of Glamorgan in 1948. He was made an Honorary Freeman of the Borough of Port Talbot in 1957 and was knighted in 1959. Married, with a son and daughter, he lives at Bonvilston in Glamorgan. He is a keen farmer and a golfer

"A MARKET OF THE FUTURE"

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

When a company as successfully identified in the public mind with any one product as T. Wall and Son is with ice-cream wants to diversify its range, it has to pick the new product carefully. It needs something that can count on some of the goodwill of its established line, yet won't significantly compete with it, and should, so far as possible, fit into its existing network of manufacturing and distribution facilities. There is also the little matter of finding something new and attractive that the public will buy.

This week Wall's launched a mousse dessert in three flavours, a " convenience food " that it believes should qualify as a popular complement to its ubiquitous ice-cream. First, after lengthy research and planned test marketing last autumn, the company is sure it has a product that can quickly become popular. Second, it is new: this part of the market for already prepared desserts is relatively unexplored. Third, it fits into the Wall's organisation very neatly. It can be manufactured largely on the same equipment as ice-cream, with little additional capital expenditure, and distributed through the firm's chain of cold stores and refrigerated transport.

A mousse is a very light creamy sweet with an almost frothy texture, something in between a soufflé and ice-cream. Unlike ice-cream, it does not need domestic refrigeration, though it will keep up to three days in an ordinary fridge, or indefinitely in a zero-temperature freezer cabinet. The new Wall's pack bears a bright red band warning housewives to let it thaw for two hours before serving. It is made out of sugar, milk, pure fruit and vegetable fats; two separate mixtures are put through a blending pump, the resultant mousse mixture then being whipped, chilled and packed at the rate of 75 packs a minute in a machine for filling ice-cream bricks, then automatically made up into parcels of six for despatch into cold store.

This is a new venture for a company already leading in its original market, into a field where the opportunities for expansion are perhaps, from now on, much greater. Mr J. A. A. Beer, marketing director of Wall's (which is the world's largest ice-cream company), said this week, " Convenience foods are the market of the future." And though this wide array of foods could do with a less clumsy name, there is no doubt that he is right commercially. These foods (the term is usually taken to mean that culinary preparation has been taken to an advanced stage) constitute the most rapidly growing element in food sales in Britain and other advanced economies. They are also a part of the food supply business from which a good deal of the uncertainty and fluctuation in availability and price can be ironed out.

Spending on frozen foods

Out of Britain's spending on food last year—£4,850 million, or about 35/- to 40/- per head per week—weekly expenditure on these foods of convenience represented about 7s 6d. The bulk of the prepared foods eaten in Britain are still canned—last year, well over a million and a half tons were sold, or about 70 lb. of canned food per head. Against that, the quantities of frozen foods are small—perhaps 6 lb. per head in a year. In money terms, the disparity is not as great, because frozen foods contain a larger proportion of delicacies.

Expenditure on canned foods is relatively static, changing roughly in line with total food sales. Spending on frozen foods is rising much faster. In 1953 it amounted to only £3 million. Since 1956 sales have been rising by about £8 million to £10 million a year; last year the trade indeed became quite disturbed because the rise was only £6 million, or about 11 per cent. During last winter sales boomed, at a time when the housewife could not get fresh vegetables, and the trade is not sure how much of this has simply to be written down to weather; but it seems certain that this year will notch up a bigger increase than last. Those are figures for retail sales to housewives. The catering trade, spends about £12 million on frozen food a year out of the total sales of £60 million in this sector of the market.

This rich and expanding market is a highly competitive one, with many groups competing for the housewife's convenience. Just as Metal Box dominates the canning industry in Britain, Unilever has the biggest share of the frozen food business, which *continued on page 386*

Loading packeted vegetables into freezers at Eskimo Foods' factory at Cleethorpes in Lincolnshire. Sales boomed during the hard winter

"A MARKET OF THE FUTURE" *continued from page 385*

it virtually began here around 1947. It is reckoned to hold 60-65 per cent of the total frozen-food market. Next, but well behind, come Eskimo, the marketing brand of Associated Fisheries, with 13-14 per cent, and Findus, Swedish subsidiary of the Nestlé international food group, with 9-10 per cent. Smedleys, of National Canning, Frood-Fropax, the Lyons subsidiary (which pioneered mousse desserts in this country), and the Ross group are other big names in the market. But there are about 30 different suppliers offering branded frozen foods on the market; and the chance of finding some particular product that seizes the public fancy, as fish fingers did a few years ago, means that the small firms can leap ahead very quickly.

The range of frozen foods on offer, again, is very wide, though certain mass-selling lines dominate the market. Peas are still the biggest seller, accounting for nearly a third of the total business; but fish fingers, hardly on the market before 1959, have now risen to nearly as large an expenditure as frozen peas. In total, frozen fish now accounts for about 30 per cent of the market; vegetables other than peas for about 16 per cent. A smaller slice of the business, but one showing a bigger rate of increase most recently, is the miscellany of prepared foods—'dinners for one,' 'cook in bag' products, pies, puff pastry, dairy cream sponges and other cakes, eclairs, and fruits. Meat and poultry form a small but growing part of the trade. The frozen-food producers are not sure whether to class quick-frozen poultry as a frozen food; though frozen after killing and preparation at packing stations, some of this is sold unrefrigerated, and cannot be as easily reckoned in terms of refrigerated cabinet capacity as the rest of the foods.

Farmers to packers to retailers

Since the whole idea of 'convenience foods' is to take work out of the kitchen, they put a good deal more service into the food as bought; and the organisation of these food packing industries is an elaborate one. Take canned and frozen peas, still the biggest item in prepared foods. The packer needs production and packing facilities that can handle in a season of about a month all of his requirements for about a year; a network of cold stores round the country; his own refrigerated transport fleet. At one end of his trade he has to organise farmers to grow for him just the right varieties (for harvesting as well as for eventual taste); at the other he has to persuade retailers to invest in quite costly display cabinets (and maybe to discard these long before they are worn out in order to put in newer types that are more eye-catching for the customer).

Fish, the harvest of the sea, has equal complications. Groups such as Associated Fisheries and Ross have their own trawling fleet, some of the vessels having facilities for freezing the catch at sea; they have two separate forms of preparation, freezing on the one hand for the bulk trade to caterers and fishmongers, and on the other hand in packs for the final customer.

Around half Britain's housewives are now able to get frozen food at their own grocers, and probably 40 per cent of them do buy frozen food regularly. There are about 65,000-100,000 refrigerated cabinets in use (estimates vary widely because of ice-cream cabinets which may or may not be used for other foods). The retail market is now a mass market; how long it can retain its momentum of growth remains to be seen. Over the last couple of years the catering markets, after resisting frozen food for a long time, have begun buying in growing volume for restaurants and also for business catering. For industrial canteens, as for aircraft and railway meals, a high proportion of the food served can advantageously be quick-frozen. Several of the big groups—Birdseye's associate Smethurst, the Lyons-Union International group, and Eskimo, for example—have recently paid special attention to the requirements of this market—which is smaller, but buys larger consignments, and does not depend upon the refrigerated cabinet capacity and the salesmanship of the retailer, both of which are variable in quantity and quality. It is possible, too, that rising standards of living in Britain may over the years lead us into another form of consumption of 'convenience foods'—i.e. eating out more, as Continentals do. If that should happen, and the labour costs in catering continue to rise, there should be even greater potential expansion in sales of these foods to the catering trade.

One of the first stages in frozen-food production is portion control. Here fish fillets are graded

Fish is weighed and packed by women into cartons and is despatched along a central conveyor belt, at Eskimo Foods' factory in Grimsby

Chocolate mousse, a new T. Wall and Sons product, after packing

Mr L. A. Howe, President, Chefs and Cooks Circle, samples the mousse

Left: Quick-frozen meals on racks for the 'end-cooking' oven at Smethursts Foods, associates of Birdseye Foods

GOODYEAR AT WOLVERHAMPTON

388 Tyres have improved so much in recent years that motorists are inclined to take them too much for granted. Tubeless tyres, which keep their pressures so much better than the old-fashioned kind, are, by their very efficiency, encouraging car owners to 'fit and forget.' I recently had a look round the Goodyear factory at Wolverhampton, where the managing director, Mr A. H. Pendree, impressed on me that in spite of advances in tyre design and manufacture, regular inspection is vital.

The counsel of such an experienced tyre man should be taken seriously. "Many different factors must be taken into account, including the weather, car load and tyre-tread wear, but normally a car can be safely driven on ordinary tyres at prolonged speeds of up to 80 miles an hour at normal pressures," said Mr Pendree.

The Goodyear factory at Wolverhampton is one of the most completely equipped car tyre plants under one roof in Europe. They have been working a three-shift day there since 1928. It is fascinating to watch the raw synthetic rubber being squeezed through huge heated rollers—to the accompaniment of loud popping and cracking noises as the air bubbles burst—and then come out like strips of king-size liquorice. I saw skilled operatives building up tubeless tyres on revolving drums, the various thicknesses of rayon ply being deftly laid one on top of the other in a criss-cross pattern for greater strength. When finished, ready for curing and baking, they look like short fat drainpipes—not a bit like tyres. They get their familiar form on being "cured" in a moulding machine in which they are first blown out by an air bladder and then shaped and treaded by the mould. C.E.

Loading cut crude rubber to go into a Banbury mixer

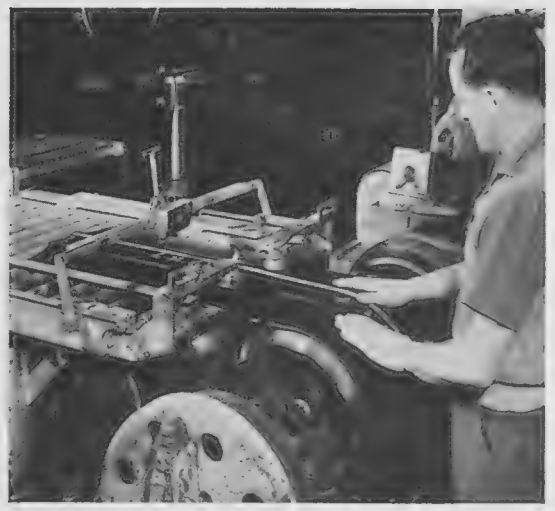
Thin sheets of rubber are pressed on to the tyre cord

BRENTFORD TO THE SEVERN

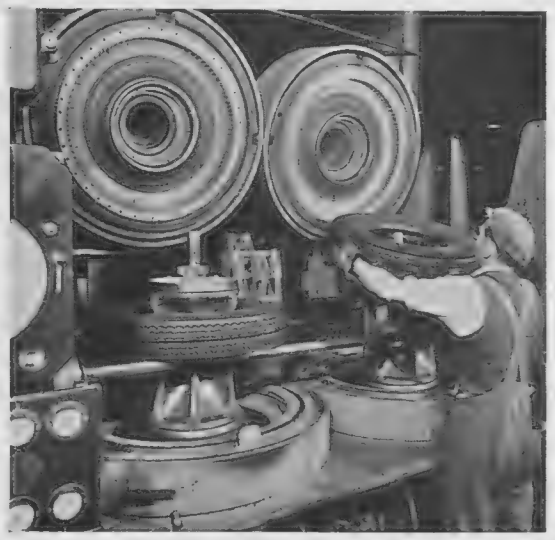
Work is in full swing at both ends of the proposed route of the London to South Wales Motorway (M4). Recently, the first pre-stressed concrete beams were placed in position for the main superstructure of the elevated section at the London end. at Brentford. This viaduct will carry the motorway above the A4 for about a mile before swinging north and descending to ground level. The M4 will have a spur leading to London Airport. Engineers for the elevated section are Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners and the contractors are, jointly, Marples, Ridgway and Partners Ltd., J. L. Kier and Co. Ltd. and Christiani and Nielsen Ltd. At the other end of the route, work is progressing on the Severn Bridge which will carry the M4 across the Severn to South Wales. When completed, the bridge will be the second largest suspension bridge in Europe. The contract for the substructure and foundations is being carried out by John Howard and Co. Ltd. Consulting engineers are Mott, Hay and Anderson and Freeman, Fox and Partners.

A specially designed gantry lifts the first concrete main superstructure beams for the M4 Elevated Road

A continuous length of shaped tread compound is checked for correct width, gauge and weight



Applying the tread to the built-up tyre carcase



Taking a tyre from the mould after vulcanisation

The Severn Bridge—foreground can be seen the West Pier on which the West Main Tower is being erected. The bridge will be over 5,000 ft. long

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

390 My recent note on the importance of the machine tool industry to the Midlands received speedy confirmation from an unusual source. When the trade mission from the London and Birmingham Chambers of Commerce returned from Moscow, Mr H. E. Sturgeon, managing director of Churchill Machine Tools Ltd., of Birmingham, brought back an order worth £180,000 for 30 grinding machines. The Russians were particularly interested in machine tools, as might be expected, and further orders are confidently forecast by the industry—though they may take some time to confirm. In general, Mr J. K. Warburton, assistant secretary of the Birmingham Chamber, forecast that Anglo-Soviet trade would double or even treble itself in the next decade or so. At present it is running at about £150 million worth a year.

Incidentally, the Russian order was a welcome bright spot for the BSA Group, of which Churchill Machine Tools forms part. A few days later the chairman, Mr Eric Turner, reported that despite his hopes last year that profits might improve in the current financial year, results for the first nine months of the year (which ends in July) have been well below expectations. However, work on new products such as central heating and electrical equipment and hydrostatic drives is going on, though "it will take time to create substantial and successful business."

Stourbridge's new cold rolling mill

On the site where the first locomotive to run on rails in the United States was built, a new cold rolling mill, probably the most up to date in Europe, has been installed by the Stourbridge Rolling Mills Ltd. It is a German RWF compact four-high one-way mill, which will greatly increase the capacity of the works to supply mild, carbon or alloy steel strip re-rolled to customers' requirements at a high degree of accuracy.

The company, formed in 1906, is still a family business; its chairman, Mr W. T. Williams, is the son of one of its founders, and several grandsons of founders serve on the board. One point of interest is that the new mill and its extensive installation work has all been financed from profits ploughed back in a series of three- and five-year expansion programmes. No new capital has been brought in for these modernisation projects, of which the new mill is the latest.

Prefabricated plastic building

Plastics for building on a scale not previously possible would seem to have 'arrived' with the erection of a two-storey building, 1,200 sq. ft. in area, 15 tons in weight, cheap and easily movable, which Bakelite Ltd. showed recently at their Tyseley, Birmingham, factory. It is in use as a telephone exchange and offices, but its applications for a wide range of other uses where industry demands a portable, easily erected building, temporary or permanent, are obvious. Bakelite claim that it may "well foreshadow the prefabricated factory of tomorrow."

A similar building on conventional lines—brick and timber—would weigh about 84 tons; economies on foundations and transport costs are considerable. The Bakelite building is built in sections of sandwich construction—two polyester/glass skins with a phenolic foam core; this specification was developed for Mickleover Transport Ltd., who supplied a plastics building to British Railways for housing electrical and signal equipment at Thames Haven, Essex, in 1961. The Bakelite building uses the same moulds (which accounts for at least some of its slightly bizarre appearance); the sections are built on a steel frame with a timber floor.

Mr. H. Stanley Smith, the architect, explained that the plastics industry was acutely conscious that in providing new buildings it did not need to retain the shapes and forms imposed by traditional materials. The company's attitude is that this exercise should be presented at a time when British builders in particular have been under fire for their conservatism and apparent reluctance to make use of new materials which the 20th century has provided.

As yet the costing of the new building is not known, or at least is not released, but the company claims that, given large enough production, cost levels, already close to those of conventional construction even on small-scale production, could be brought down to those of conventional methods—which would leave the considerable savings in speedy erection, early occupation, low site foundation costs, etc., as a bonus.

An operator gauges the thickness of strip steel processed by the rolling mill, Stourbridge

Montagu of Beaulieu (right) and Mr Wickins

Their Midlands Motor Museum at Measham, opened recently (see Courtenay Edwards, page 392)

MONEY IN SPORT

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The Government's decision to give financial support to sport in Britain will bring welcome financial assistance to a small but rapidly growing industry. Lord Hailsham has said that grants for new facilities will be increased from £500,000 to £1,500,000, that help for administration will be enlarged, and that the upper limit on individual grants to voluntary bodies will be more than doubled to £10,000. Official spending on sport, which reflects a growing public demand for sports facilities, should bring extra business to the giant Dunlop group. Apart from its basic tyre production, Dunlop have an important sports side—enlarged a few years ago by the acquisition of Slazenger. From their Liverpool factory Dunlop make a wide range of sports goods—rackets, golf balls and sports shoes.

Shareholders in the Dunlop Rubber group (assets of £145 million make it one of Britain's leading companies) saw a recovery in profit margins during the latter part of last year and have since received an optimistic report on prospects from the chairman, Sir Edward Beharrell. Dunlop have kept their dividend at 1s 7d a share for two years in succession, so that an upturn in profits during 1963 could well lead to a higher payment. Now quoted around 35s Dunlop 10s shares yield some 4¾ per cent.

Companies that sell sports goods should also find themselves busier, as Government funds are reflected in the buying of equipment. One of the best-known names in this field is Lillywhites, which operates two stores in London, and three more in England and Scotland. Profits have suffered in the past few accounting periods from the smaller number of foreign visitors to London, while two successive bad summers brought stock losses.

Over the last four years, therefore, profits have dropped from £101,000 to £76,000 and shareholders' dividend was reduced last year from 11½ per cent to 9½ per cent—though the board continued to pay the 1½ per cent tax-free bonus.

But even apart from Government help for sport, Lillywhites' results should benefit from a return to normal summer weather—while current year figures should reflect the rebuilding of the Exeter shop. For people who are prepared to accept some risk for high income, Lillywhites' 2s shares should have appeal. They offer nearly 7 per cent, including the gross equivalent of the tax-free capital distribution.

Apart from the firms which make and sell sports goods, the companies which build and maintain sports grounds should gain from the new money being injected into Britain's sport. Among the well-established firms which make sports grounds is En-Tout-Cas, probably best known for their tennis courts but whose business also extends to cycle tracks, squash courts, children's playgrounds and public recreation grounds. En-Tout-Cas also operate a mail order division for sports goods and own a 20-acre site at Thurmaston, in Leicestershire, to make ancillary equipment, from tennis posts to prefabricated houses. After climbing steadily to £124,000 in 1961, profits declined last year, mainly because of rising costs. Some recovery seems likely for 1963, though Sir Cyril Osborne, the chairman, has warned shareholders of the adverse effects of the sharp winter. In spite of the 1962 setback, shareholders' dividend was held at 15 per cent—the rate that has been paid each year since 1959.

Some of the likely demand for sports goods should spill over to companies that make travel and camping equipment—a fast-growing business during recent years. One go-ahead firm in this industry is Silver and Edgington, the London manufacturers who sell through branches in several leading towns. Profits have held steady around £100,000 in the past few years, and the directors have progressively raised shareholders' dividend, from an equivalent 15 per cent in 1957 to the current 35 per cent. The free issue which is due later this month should widen the market in the shares, while the proposed property revaluation should improve equity holders' asset backing.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

Château Lanessan has been a subject of controversy for over 100 years. It has not been included among the five classes of classified growths of the Medoc since the list was originally compiled in 1855, and so it is to this day only a superior Bourgeois growth. The case of Lanessan serves as an excellent argument for those who advocate the revision of this old established classification. It is an example of those châteaux which deserve better recognition, judged by the quality of the wine produced. I have no idea what sort of wine was made there in the middle of the last century, but it could not have been for the lack of geographically suitable conditions that the wine had not come up to the standard required for a fifth growth at least at the time. It is situated in the commune of Cussac, about half way between Margaux and St. Julien. Today the prices paid for the wine of Château Lanessan are often higher than those paid for some of the ones classified as fifth growths. This must be due to the improvements carried out by successive owners in their methods of cultivation and vinification.

I tasted two examples of this wine recently. Both were shown at the Tasting given in the cellars of Evans Marshall and Co. Ltd., of wines shipped by their Bordeaux principals, Mahler-Besse et Cie. The 1953 vintage, château bottled, which sells retail, if you can find it, at about 30s is well worth the money. I met the same wine again a few days later, when it was served with the roast beef to 1,100 guests during the annual banquet of the Wine and Spirit Trades Benevolent Society, at Grosvenor House. I need not say more than that there it received unanimous acclaim from many who are more expert than I am. At the Evans Marshall Tasting it was also featured among the many examples of the 1962 vintage clarets, and this, also, was outstanding.

Among the simpler wines at the Tasting I thought that Le Vieux Moulin shown as a young 1962 was good value at 12s a bottle. Presumably this is not named after the vineyard where it is made, but is a blended wine. When given a few months of bottle age it will be very drinkable and pleasant. I preferred this to another wine at the same price, but this one from a single vineyard, from the Premieres Côtes de Bordeaux, Château Leon, from a district, perhaps, better known for its white wines. A much higher quality altogether, priced at about 18s, was the Château Grace Dieu of St. Emilion, which has plenty of body and is likely to develop well with its promising balance and roundness.

This was also an occasion to taste several vintages of Château Palmer (Margaux), of which Monsieur Mahler-Besse is part owner. They all showed to a greater or lesser degree the fine nose and delicate elegance coupled with a great finesse typical of this château and of Margaux generally. The 1959 château bottled was exceptionally promising and so was the 1962. The London bottled 1954, which was not a good year, seemed not only light, but a little flat and flabby, with a suspicion of being past its best. Among all the 1962 examples Château La Mission Haut Brion stood out with its desirable 'hard core' as befits a formidable red Graves.

The House of Sanderson by Ross Wilson, published to celebrate the 100th anniversary of this important firm in the world of Scotch Whisky, is a fine production. The tale of this world-known industrial enterprise is a romantic one. The first Sanderson decided to go into the wine and spirit trade at the age of 12, when he understood that steam was to oust sail, for he was the son of a mariner and shipowner and a descendant of seafarers.

Wm. Sanderson Ltd. have become best known for one particular brand of whisky: 'Vat 69,' and the story of how the blend and its name was created is equally fascinating. William Sanderson, who left school and joined his father in the business in 1880, was responsible. It was due to his effort that bottles

An illustration from *The House of Sanderson*

replaced casks for the distribution of whisky, and it soon became apparent that too many blends could not survive successfully. An expert blender, he prepared 100 different blends which were kept in numbered vats. Friends and clients were asked to taste them, and eventually the unanimous preference emerged. It was the whisky in 'vat 69.' There is a great deal more in this well-told tale of trials and successes in a great industry, its leaders and people. A fascinating book, beautifully illustrated by William Paine.

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READY FOR LE MANS

392 John Surtees, practising at Le Mans some weeks ago in the 3-litre V12 rear-engined Ferrari, in which already this year he has won at Sebring and Nürburgring, put up the fastest lap and unofficially beat by 11½ seconds the lap record set up in last year's race by Phil Hill in a 4-litre Ferrari at 126·89 m.p.h. On the Mulsanne Straight Surtees' Ferrari was touching nearly 180 m.p.h. That was the winning Ferrari last year when Hill shared the driving with Olivier Gendebein of Belgium. They won at an average speed, on the fast 8·36-mile circuit, of 115·24 m.p.h. and came close to equalling their record race average of 115·9 m.p.h. in 1961.

The most interesting feature of the race on June 15-16 will be the appearance of a British turbocar built by BRM and Rover. The chassis is based on that of the latest Formula One BRM Grand Prix car and the 62,000 r.p.m. Rover gas turbine engine is basically the unit which powers the experimental Rover T4 saloon turbocar. Because it is the only car of its kind in the race the Rover-engined BRM is unclassified and could not win even if it finished first, but in the hands of BRM drivers Graham Hill and Richie Ginther it stands a good chance of winning the prize of

The Rover BRM gas turbine car is tried out with the modifications made to it after tests at Le Mans

25,000 francs (£1,822) offered by the race organisers for the first turbocar to finish the race at an average speed of 150 k.p.h. (93·21 m.p.h.). In practice the British turbocar lapped at 111·24 m.p.h.

Aston Martin are fielding a full team of three cars for the first time since 1959 and their drivers include Phil Hill (former World Grand Prix Champion and winner at Le Mans three times), Bruce McLaren and Innes Ireland. Other British cars entered for the classic race include lightened E-type Jaguars (which finished fourth and fifth last year), a team of four 4·7-litre AC Cobras, managed by Stirling Moss, and two 4·7-litre GT Lolas. Among other British makes will be Lister-Jaguar, Austin-Healey and Sunbeam Alpine.

Midlands Motor Museum

Since the recent opening of the Midlands Motor Museum at Measham, Leicestershire, Britain now possesses impressive facilities for preserving interesting and historic vehicles. To use the jargon of the industry the museum serves, Measham is the latest unit in an automobile museum complex which also includes the Montagu Motor Museum at Beaulieu, Hampshire, and its branch office at Brighton Aquarium. When Mr. David Wickins, chairman of Drake and Mount Ltd., decided to establish a motor museum at Measham, where Southern Counties Car Auctions Ltd.—a Drake and Mount subsidiary—put hundreds of vehicles under the hammer every week, he not unnaturally turned to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu who has made such a big success of his Beaulieu enterprise.

They are ably backed by Mr. Michael Sedgwick, who is curator in chief of the three museums which between them have more than 500 exhibits including 200 cars and 120 motorcycles. There will be a continuous interchange of exhibits between the three museums.

To start with, Measham has 75 exhibits worth about £100,000. Most are owned by either Mr. Wickins or Lord Montagu, while others have been lent by various firms in the motor industry. They are displayed in a single-storey building designed for the purpose and which has cost £100,000. It also houses a number of permanent displays staged by firms who manufacture important components and accessories and other products for the industry.

Measham lies a few miles south-east of Burton-on-Trent and has as neighbours the big cities of Birmingham, Coventry, Wolverhampton, Derby, Leicester and Nottingham. One of the oldest cars on show is an 1898 Decauville Voiturelle; a 3½-h.p. twin-cylinder rear-engined car from France which has taken part in many Brighton runs.

French ideas on city parking

We have already had a taste during the Whitsun holiday of the new weekend speed limit which will be imposed every weekend until the end of August on 750 miles of roads and on all roads (other than motorways and roads already restricted) during the five weekends of the holiday peak in July and August.

During a recent visit to France—which has tried weekend speed limits and abandoned them because they have found they only aggravated the country's traffic problems—I had a talk in Paris with the Director of Traffic Circulation—M. Marcel Solay—in the French capital. I called on M. Solay mainly to see how the city's disc parking system is working.

"It is performing a useful purpose in fairly sharing out the available kerbside parking space in central Paris where there is little or no off-street accommodation," M. Solay told me. "We police officers would prefer a meter scheme because it is easier and less expensive to operate as well as bringing in useful revenue which discs do not. We have to pay 600 uniformed traffic wardens to supervise the disc parking and fix *Avis de contravention*—nicknamed 'butterflies' because they flutter in the breeze—to the windscreens of cars left longer than the permitted period which is normally 90 minutes but extended to four hours in the middle of the day."

The original Zone Bleue, which gave 98,000 vehicles a chance of parking every day instead of only 24,500, has been extended four times since 1957 and is due for a further enlargement this month. Already the total length of the streets affected has increased from 72 miles to 125. If you overstay your time the "butterfly" attached to your screen will order you to pay the equivalent of a 15s. fine within 15 days. Last year 3 million of these tickets were issued—but half of them remain unpaid and they are automatically wiped out if the authorities have not "collected" inside 12 months.

Luxurious new estate car

There can be few estate cars in the whole world more luxurious than a new version of the eight-seater Safari announced this week by the British Citroën company which has been assembling French-designed Citroën models at Slough, Buckinghamshire, for many years. The new Safari now has a more powerful 1,911 c.c. 4-cylinder engine as used by the DS saloon. With aluminium cylinder head, twin-choke Weber carburettors and a compression ratio of 8·5 to 1, it has a top speed of 95 m.p.h. and lively acceleration.

Other improvements are power-assisted steering, an automatic clutch, courtesy lights on all five doors and a foam-rubber underlay for the carpets. Yet the new Safari at £1,698, including purchase tax, costs only £73 more. It shares with the DS and ID saloons, front-wheel drive (used by Citroën for more than a quarter of a century) and a system of hydro-pneumatic self-levelling suspension which maintains the same ground clearance and remains perfectly level whatever the number of passengers or the amount of luggage. As the power-operated brakes (including discs mounted inboard at the front) compensate themselves for weight distribution within the vehicles, the Safari is one of the world's most comfortable cars.

With the middle seat folded down the Safari has a flat, fully carpeted floor space nearly 8 ft. long. With the carpet rolled back, two sideways-facing and surprisingly comfortable occasional seats can be hinged up from the floor (unencumbered by a propeller shaft or spare wheel, which is under the bonnet) to make the Safari a full eight-seater. A built-in roof rack and leather upholstery are part of the luxury equipment of this car.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

I WONDER how many Gardenless Garden Lovers there are bereft of home roots, dwelling in flats and residential hotels?

How much they must miss a garden to potter around in, especially when Summer Time is in force. What better spot could they choose than an hotel where the grounds are a pleasure to behold and stroll in.

One of the best-known hotel grounds in Britain is that of *Gravetye Manor Hotel* on the West Hoathly side of East Grinstead, Sussex, for this enlarged Elizabethan mansion was once the home of that doyen of gardens, the late Mr. William Robinson. The unique collections he planted, including flowering trees, azaleas and rhododendrons, are open at all times to residents of the hotel and those visiting the hotel for meals. Both have put *Gravetye Manor* on the gastronomic and garden map of Britain.

In Ireland recently we came upon a smaller counterpart of the Gravetye gardens—*Ashbourne House Hotel,* Glounthaune, near Cork. Stretching along the main road, but entirely screened by specimen trees and shrubs, the whole of the grounds are a blaze of colour according to the season. These gardens form the foreground of this charming country house hotel. Mrs. T. Garde, the resident and active owner, is surely the most fortunate of ladies to have acquired such a fascinating property. In our bedroom was a vase of camellias and, on each bedroom door, a tasteful floral motif. From the picture-windowed restaurant it was the garden that dominated the view. We found the whole house immaculately clean and nicely furnished in country-house style. We had heard previously that catering was one of Mrs. Garde's strong suits and, though it was Sunday supper on the night we stayed there and so there was little choice, how good it was—delicious consomme (piping hot), baby chicken, followed by apple tart as mother used to make it. A memorable visit. You should memorise it too.

Nor must we omit, while writing of Ireland, the 600 acres of grounds of *Ashford Castle Hotel,* in Cong, Co. Mayo. Zealously have Noel and Angela Huggard maintained this vast acreage, originally laid out by the Guinness family, for the pleasure of their hotel guests.

One further pleasurable Irish discovery was *Ard-na-Sidhe* in County Kerry. Pronounced "Ard-na-Shee," the translation from the Gaelic of this Irish hotel's name is "The Hill of the Fairies." Go there in spring—as we were this year—in autumn or on any fair weather day, and then you appreciate how apt the name is. A Cotswold type of country house (it was built in Cotswold stone by an English lady), this hotel stands in a veritable fairyland of silver glens with Japanese and wild gardens sloping down to the waters of Caragh Lake, while in the background are the blue-veined mountains of the Kerry Highlands.

Gardens or grounds designed and maintained by human hands are kept alive by nature who metes out the same treatment be they large or small. In spite of the ravages of last winter's black frosts, it is amazing what the effects of some spring sunshine were. On our way back from Holyhead we halted awhile in that jewel of the Shropshire countryside, Church Stretton. Here, turning up Sandford Avenue off the Shrewsbury by-pass we came to *The White House,* a comfortable homely guest-house, run by a brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Leech. After retouring the immaculate house from kitchen to attic, we repaired to the equally well-kept garden where shady nooks, green lawns and a profusion of flowering shrubs and plants were all geared for summery days.

For restful days one could not wish for more peaceful surroundings with glorious views of Caer Caradoc and the Long Wynd.

Moving on eastwards we were fortunate to strike the Teme and Evesham Valleys in the prime of blossom time. The former, though less well known, is the more beautiful spectacle, for it is a comparatively narrow vale and was a kaleidoscope of colour. We have only one recommended hotel hereabouts—*The Elms* at Abberley. Here one can feast on the scenery without and the good food and wine within. Though a stately country mansion, friendliness and homeliness abound within. Developed as an hotel by the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morton, they are justly proud of their house, their interesting and varied catering and of their grounds. Though we were too late this year to view the grass verges ablaze with daffodils, flower beds, grass terraces, trim yew hedges and blossom all merged happily into the lovely Teme countryside.

May I suggest that at this period of the year to you who may not be planning a holiday until later, halt awhile from domestic chores or office routine and sally forth, even if it is but for lunch or dinner at some hotel where good food and well-kept gardens form a happy combination.

Maybe one of the following are within handy range for such a happy excursion:

Surrey—*Bramley Grange Hotel,* near Guildford, where the grounds have ever been a great attraction from early summer to late autumn. On summer days, a terrace furnished with gay awnings and umbrellas is an enticement to enjoy the sunshine over cocktail glass or tea-cup.

Sussex—*Dean's Place Hotel,* Alfriston, where a sweet-scented garden and a fascinating expanse of Sussex downland is a happy setting for the enjoyment of good food and wine.

Devon—Nr. Chagford—*Great Tree Hotel.* Its 20 acres of grounds are a blaze of colour according to the season, with the changing lights of Dartmoor to provide a fascinating backstage.

Crowborough—*Highlands Private Hotel.* There can be few residential hotels in the British Isles with such claims to be outstanding. Consider its position. Health-giving country, 800 ft. up, yet close to bus services, shops and golf links, with the sea but 40 minutes by car.

Outstanding, too, in its own domain. The garden is utilitarian, recreational and ornamental, such a riot of colour at times that it might be a miniature Chelsea Flower Show. Within, charming public rooms and bedrooms—both double and single—designed for residential or shorter stays, including some for transient guests. The *Highlands'* catering, too, is outstandingly good, appetising, nourishing and interesting.

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